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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Price Ten Cents.



A HORROR WITHOUT PARALLEL.—MISS ALICE KENNETT, A YOUNG SCHOOL TEACHER, BRUTALLY OUTRAGED AND HER TONGUE CUT OUT BY TWO TRAMPS, IN HER SCHOOL ROOM, IN THOMPSON, PA., SCRAWLS THE STORY OF THE FIENDISH DEED UPON THE BLACKBOARD AND EXPIRES.—SEE PAGE 5.



# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1848

RICHARD E. FOX, Proprietor.

Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR WEEK ENDING

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## To Correspondents.

We earnestly solicit sketches, portraits of noted criminals, and items of interesting events from all parts of the States and the Canada, and more particularly from the west and southwest. Reports of events that create an excitement in their immediate localities, if sent at once, will be liberally paid for.

F. M. S., St. Louis.—Have already written to you in reference to the matter.

M. M., Wyandotte, Kansas.—We have heard nothing further in relation to the matter.

W. M., Chicago.—Portraits and sketches appear this week. Thanks. Further by mail.

P. S. C., Bellaire, O.—See item in Criminal Miscellany; thanks. Can you send portrait?

J. G. L., Louisville, Ky.—Thank; but you will find full account of the matter in our previous issue.

J. F., Dubuque, Iowa. See item in "Vice's Varieties," thanks. Send us further particulars, if any.

CORRESPONDENT, Seattle, Oregon.—Thanks for attention. The matter was already received and published.

L. E. F., Moline, Ill.—The matter is really an advertisement; certainly not a matter of interest to our readers outside of our town.

L. R. R., Boston.—If you will send us your name in full and guarantee of your responsibility, we will publish it—not otherwise.

C. S. B., Minneapolis, Minn.—Matters of that particular character we do not deem of interest to our readers in general. Give us a lighter tale.

ANONYMOUS, Chicago.—Do not know who brought over the lady in question, but the Lydia Thompson troupe was the one in which she appeared in this city and Chicago.

E. L. R., Lafayette, Ind.—Thanks; have made inquiries into the matter, but can give you no definite answer as yet. Will reply hereafter if we receive it. Let us hear from you again.

C. C. F., Omaha, Neb.—Have not enough definite information from your letter to make an illustration. Please give us further particulars or we shall be obliged to consign it to the waste basket.

F. L. H., Booneville, Mo.—Will accept the photo if you will take a reasonable sum for it, not otherwise. Must also have it promptly and before the matter has lost its interest. Further by mail.

J. G. W., Mobile, Ala.—If you will refer to the GAZETTE of October 20th, you will find the occurrence detailed by our special correspondent in our Criminal Miscellany column. Further than that we cannot say.

M. A., Paw Paw, Ill.—Thanks for the Mendota item, but it was previously received from another source. If, however, you can send us portraits or an outline sketch of anything in reference to the matter we will be glad to receive it.

L. E. R., Rock Island, Ill.—See abstract of the affair in "Vice's Varieties." Thanks; send us more of the same sort, also portraits and sketches of localities if possible, as they always add to their interest and we are always glad to pay for such.

C. W. B., Fort Edward, N. Y.—Think, as you say, that the matter does not possess, under the circumstances, sufficient interest for further investigation; thanks for courteous interest in our behalf. Let us hear from you again whenever you have matters of general interest.

J. S., Lafayette, Ind. Yes, if you will send us accurate sketches of the surroundings and photos of the parties as named we will pay you what any unprejudiced person may deem reasonable. The matter is really not of sufficient worth to us to justify us in paying exorbitant figures.

M. Quon., Lebanon, Tenn. Thanks, but the matter came too late and we could not use it. Anything further concerning it will be glad to have. Continue to send us accounts of matters of interest in your section, but please make it a point to forward them so they may reach us by Thursday morning, at the remotest, for next issue.

W. P. W., Richmond, Mich.—We published a short abstract of the article; thanks. Please, in future, send items as soon as possible after the occurrence. You will see that matters must be in season to have any interest for the public and, unless handed in by Thursday, cannot be made use of for the forthcoming issue, unless possessing special features.

A. B., Shenandoah, Iowa.—Shall be pleased to receive items of interest from you, but can make no definite arrangement with you until we know what you can do. Send us photographs of parties concerned in leading sensational events whenever possible, and sketches of localities, simply outlines, correct as no details and surroundings such as any person of intelligence can execute. Our artists will put in the finishing touches.

## THE CRIMINAL SENSATION OF THE DAY.

Rarely has humanity been shocked, during our century, by the revelation of crimes so horribly repellant to all its better instincts as that shown in the transactions of the Bridgeport ghoul, Bassett and his not less infamous partner Mrs. Alexander, as developed in their trial, for the murder of poor "Stuttering Jack," elsewhere fully detailed in the GAZETTE. One may feel some sympathy for the man or woman who kills a person in the heat of passion arising from some real or supposed injury, but the despicable wretches who deliberately murdered a man for the sake of selling his body for dissection, are unworthy of a single compassionate thought, and it is to be hoped that none of the maudlin sympathy which has been expressed to too many notorious criminals lately will interfere to prevent them from dangling at the ends of a couple of ropes.

It is, if records have not erred, the first time since the days of the infamous Burke, to whom we have already alluded in connection with this peculiarly dreadful case as a singular coincidence, that a human being has been placed on trial for murder where the sole motive of the deed was to get money by selling the body of the victim for purposes of scientific dissection. Many of our readers well recall the thrill of horror that passed over the entire civilized world, many years ago, when it became known that in the leading cities of Scotland there were regularly organized bands of fiends who earned their livelihood by murdering belated passengers and selling their bodies to the hospitals. The feeling of dread that existed in Glasgow, Edinburgh and the other cities, was such that only the most imperative necessity would induce a man, woman or child to venture out of doors after dark. The method of murder was what, after the arrest of Burke, the chief of the gang, became known as "Burking." The assassins wore rubber shoes so that they could steal upon their victims as noiselessly as the tiger, whose thirst for blood was exceeded by their own. The unfortunate was seized from behind and either skillfully garrotted or had an adhesive plaster placed over his mouth and nostrils until suffocation did its work of death. Burke and his companions have expiated their crimes on the gallows, public feeling being so excited against them that, had the law allowed it, they would have been burned at the stake.

Mrs. Alexander and her paramour have had only one crime of this kind laid directly to their charge, but it is almost certain that other people who are missing from the vicinity, have fallen victims to the greed for gain of these fiends. The details of the murder of poor "Stuttering Jack," as glibly told by the female fiend, while under examination, are horrible in their refinement of cold blooded brutality. Of course she endeavors to throw all the blame upon Bassett, claiming that she was coerced into being his accomplice, but no one who reads the horrible details will hesitate to believe that she was a willing instrument. Bassett's brutality is almost beyond belief.

It is scarcely credible that there exists a man with so much of the tiger in his disposition that he could sit down and coolly eat his breakfast with the unburied corpse of his victim still in the house. The outraged feeling of the community, the safety of innocent passers along our streets, demand speedy punishment of the brutes.

Another subject that the officers of the law should thoroughly investigate is the conduct of Dr. Sanford, the New Haven surgeon, to whom Mrs. Alexander brought the body for sale. She says that the doctor refused to take the body without papers, but was sorry for her and would not mention the affair. We would like to know if it is the custom for respectable surgeons to have cadavers brought to their doors in barrels and not "mention the affair" because they feel sorry for the agent. The medical profession of the country owe it to themselves to sift this matter to the bottom. If they do not, it will appear as if they were putting a premium on assassination. Everyone recognizes the necessity that exists to have "subjects" for dissection, but if surgeons tacitly encourage murder by "not mentioning the affair" when a strange woman visits them to sell a corpse in a barrel, public opinion may make the said surgeons liable to the just penalty of the law for being accomplices after the act.

## SALVATION BY THE GALLOWS.

If we are to judge by the reports received of executions from all parts of the country, the surest road to the mansions of eternal bliss is via the sheriff's gallows and the hangman's noose. The most sincere and devoted church members usually have, on their death-beds, fears that they are not altogether worthy of the great gift of salvation, but the negro fiend who outrages and murders a helpless woman, or the criminal whose record teems with rapine and bloodshed, never doubts of his triumphal entry into Heaven. It seems to us that the programme of religious ceremonies gone through with at executions is a parody on all true religion.

We have no desire to begrudge an entrance into glory to even the worst of sinners, for the Saviour himself promises them forgiveness,

but we do not believe that it is seeming and proper for some guilty wretch, whose hands are stained with the worst of crimes, to stand with the hangman's noose around his neck and desecrate by repetition from his foul lips the sacred passages of peace and comfort which were uttered by Christ.

True piety is never demonstrative in public. It does not vaunt itself; it is not puffed up, and we believe that the unseemly exhibitions which seem to be favored by pastors are disgraceful in the extreme. Shouting the glad tidings of salvation before a hooting and yelling crowd, whose only motive in coming to an execution is morbid curiosity, is simply ridicule upon all religious sentiment. If a man on the gallows is truly penitent he will show it by the quiet, resigned demeanor of a true Christian, not by the howlings and contortions of a semblance of piety put on for effect. Sensible clergymen should discourage the practice of making public exhibitions of gallows converts.

## THE DESECRATION OF MR. STEWART'S TOMB.

Closely following upon the trial of the Bridgeport ghoul comes the startling and peculiar sensation of the desecration of the grave of A. T. Stewart, the great merchant prince, and the abstraction of his remains from the coffin, in his family vault, in the heart of the city, of which a full account, accurately illustrated by special artists of the GAZETTE, will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Mr. Stewart died over two years ago and was laid in the family vault in the churchyard until the grand mausoleum in the cathedral at Garden City could be completed. On October 7th, an attempt was made to open the tomb, but was prevented by some unknown circumstances which scared the villains away. Judge Hilton immediately took precautions to prevent the desecration of the grave. He had the large slab which marked the vault removed about thirty feet south of its original location and employed a watchman to keep guard at night over the burying ground.

But the Judge had a shrewd set of men to work against and all his precautions were fruitless. The robbers seem to have watched every movement. They had located the grave with the precision of a set of surveyors, and the changing of the position of the stone did not mislead them a whit. About ten days ago the watchman was discharged as it was thought that his services were needed no longer. The thieves showed their knowledge of the steps taken by immediately renewing their attempts. On Wednesday night or Thursday morning of the next week they were successful. They dug down until they reached the stone slabs over the grave, removed one of them, entered the vault and took away the body. The object of the crime was undoubtedly blackmail. It is not likely that men so well posted on every other point should be deceived into believing that there were any valuables in the grave. They evidently thought that the friends of the deceased millionaire would pay a large sum for the recovery of the body. In this they will possibly be disappointed, as neither Mrs. Stewart nor Judge Hilton will pay a cent except for the conviction of the thieves. The crime is a peculiar one and was evidently planned by level-headed men. Would it not be a good idea for the police to find out where the men are who attempted to steal the body of President Lincoln from the grave in Springfield? They may have had a hand in this work.

## THE EFFICACY OF THE LASH.

There are criminals for whom a term of imprisonment has no terror. They take it as one of the common events of their lives, and a sentence of six months or a year in the penitentiary to some of our brutally criminal classes is looked upon more as a holiday than anything else, a kind of vacation where they have an easy time and a certainty of food. About ten years ago the English magistrates realized the fact that a punishment more severe than imprisonment was needed to stop the practice of garroting, which had then become very prevalent in the streets of the cities. They decided that the cat-o'-nine-tails was more effective than a term in jail, and through their influence an act of Parliament was passed authorizing both imprisonment and the lash to all prisoners convicted of robbery with violence. The sentence for this class is generally seven years' imprisonment, and at least forty lashes. The Newgate officers say that men go more firmly to the gallows than to the whipping-post, and the soundness of the judge's opinion was shown by the almost immediate cessation of the carnival of highway robberies where force was used. Of late years the lash has also been the punishment awarded to habitual wife-beaters.

We believe that our Legislatures would be acting wisely to pass an act awarding a good whipping as the penalty for crimes of a like nature in this country. The terrors of the lash will prevent a great deal of crime, and there are thousands of brutes who delight in beating their helples wives who will be thoroughly reformed if they know that every time they beat the woman they will feel the nine-knotted cords laid forty times over their backs by muscular jailers.

## A NEW CRIME ESTABLISHED.

In spite of the determination avowed by Judge Hilton and other friends of Mr. A. T. Stewart, as stated in our account of the ghoul's desecration of the grave of the latter, elsewhere described, his widow has, it appears, offered a reward of \$25,000 for the recovery of the remains of her husband, torn from their resting place by human hyenas. This offer is apparently fettered by an accompanying condition of information which will lead to the punishment of the perpetrators of the outrage, but the end will probably be a compromise tending to the pecuniary advantage of the latter, as calculated by them, and thus a new crime is added to our criminal category.

Captain Killilea, of the Thirty-third Precinct, has some officers who need his careful attention. A few evenings since one of them was seen, in a state of beastly intoxication, on his post, on Third avenue, in conversation with two women of notoriously bad character. Three citizens who were passing gave instinctive expression of their disgust of the shameful scene, and were bullied and threatened with a clubbing by this model guardian.

## George Washington, the Black Rape Fiend.

[With Portrait.]

Seldom, if ever, in the history of mankind, has a noble name been so ignominiously dragged in the dirt as in the case of the subject of this article. On Saturday evening, October 19, a crime was perpetrated in the vicinity of Louisville, Kentucky, which excited the people to frenzy. A little girl, named Francis Otto, daughter of respectable parents, loved by them as parents love, a little child, their hope and pride, fell into the clutches of two negro ruffians, near that city, and was outraged by them in the most horrible manner—her person being lacerated by the infernal villains. The scoundrels were pursued to the woods by the infuriated citizens, but were lost track of. On the Friday night succeeding the affair, some citizens of Jeffersonville, Indiana, saw and pursued them and Washington was finally captured and taken to Louisville, where he was lodged in jail. Barnes Henry, Washington's accomplice, was also captured. An unsuccessful attempt at lynching them was made, but it is probable that they are now safe from further danger, and will not be likely to receive more than a nominal punishment in the way of a few years of imprisonment.

## Cunningham, the Diamond Robber.

[With Portrait.]

Frank, alias James Cunningham, alias James Curtin, whose portrait appears on another page, is known in Chicago, Ill., as the "diamond thief." He was arrested in that city on October 14th, for stealing a ring from a jewelry store on State street. When brought to the central station, fifty dollars in cash and nineteen diamond rings were found in his possession. He was put under \$5,000 bail and confined in the county jail, but escaped and fled to this city where he was rearrested by Detective Richard O'Connor. The manner of his escape was as follows: October 26th was visiting day, when all prisoners are allowed to promenade in the corridor. Cunningham dressed well and is a man of fine personal appearance, looking like a lawyer. He, therefore, took advantage of this, stepped up to Mr. O'Brien, one of the jailers, who did not know him. Cunningham said to him: "Well, good by, Mr. O'Brien; please open the door for me. I consulted one of my clients and will call again this afternoon. Fine day, ain't it?" He was let out, and fifteen minutes after the mistake was discovered, but it was too late.

## Lamb, the Chicago Assassin.

[With Portrait.]

On the night of the 4th of October Officer Race was murdered in Chicago while in the discharge of his duty and endeavoring to prevent the burglary of a large dry goods store. Much mystery attended the affair, but the authorities finally settled on Lamb, a notorious burglar and desperate character, as the murderer, and he is under arrest, with every prospect of condign punishment. We have previously published full accounts of the matter, with illustration and portrait of the murdered officer, and it is not necessary to repeat them. On another page of this issue we present a correct portrait of the murderer.

## Calvin Crooks, Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

On another page of this issue we present an authentic likeness of Calvin Crooks, the murderer of John Leaden, in Eyota, Minn., on the night of the 12th of October, previously detailed in the GAZETTE. The men met in a bakery in the early part of the day and, both being under the influence of liquor, engaged in a controversy. They were separated at the time and in the evening again met in the bakery in which they were employed, again became involved in an altercation which finally resulted in Crooks drawing a revolver, and shooting Leaden in the neck, inflicting a fatal wound.

## Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we present three handsome portraits of well-known stage favorites, namely, Miss Jennie Hughes, the accomplished and popular vocalist and burlesque artist, Miss Farrington, the comely and graceful corymbes, who has recently made a hit on the boards of our Eastern theatres, and Mademoiselle Letellier, of the burlesque and opera bouffe stage. The latter is comparatively unknown here, but is a rising and talented artist whose many charms of face and form as well as her pronounced talent, are certain to make her fame and fortune.



## HUMAN HYENAS.

Shocking Outrage upon Humanity  
Perpetrated in the Heart of  
New York City

## FOR SORDID GAIN

The Remains of A. T. Stewart Torn  
from their Long Resting Place in  
his Family Vault to be

## THE PREY OF BLACKMAILERS.

[With Illustrations and Portrait.]

Intense excitement was caused in the city on the 7th by the announcement that the body of A. T. Stewart, the great dry goods prince, had been stolen from its resting place in the family vault in St. Mark's churchyard, at Stuyvesant place and Second avenue. The vault was broken open, the casket found in the vault and the remains carried away.

Inspector Dilks at once sent out the following order:

"To all precincts:

"The remains of A. T. Stewart were last night stolen from the family vault in St. Mark's churchyard. The casket was found broken and the body removed. The decomposition of the remains is so offensive that they cannot be concealed. This is apparent from standing at the opening of the vault this morning, consequently it cannot be taken across the ferries or placed anywhere above ground without discovery. Cause diligent search to be made in your precinct, as the remains were evidently stolen in the hope of reward.

"(Signed), INSPECTOR DILKS."

At eight o'clock on that morning Deputy Sexton Parker, of Stuyvesant Church, unlocked the gate in the high iron railing that surrounds the grounds at the corner of Tenth street and Second avenue. The old building faces on Tenth street, with its burial plot on the right lying along Second avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets. Deputy Parker, turning the corner of the church, was startled by the discovery of a fresh heap of dirt in the centre of the grounds.

## BONYOMBED WITH VAULTS.

Hurrying toward the spot, Parker was led to believe from the location, and by circumstances within his knowledge, that the vault which held the body of A. T. Stewart had been desecrated. Mr. Parker at once notified the sexton of St. Mark's of his discovery, and the two men returned at once to the spot.

The Stewart family vault was marked by a flat stone slab imbedded in the sod. The snatchers had lifted this slab. A stone curbing, four by three feet square, was thus discovered.

This curbing reaches a depth of three feet and is filled with dirt. This earth was removed with a small galvanized fire shovel, which was left behind, together with a dark lantern, evidently used by the miscreants after descending to the vault, which, after the dirt in the curbing and three broad stones were removed, was reached by a stone staircase, from the floor to the opening above. The snatchers, having descended, broke open the cedar box, which disclosed the leaden one, which was hermetically sealed. This was summarily ripped open with a knife. The oaken casket which held the body was thus reached and easily forced open.

The remains were removed from the casket and are gone, together with every shred of the grave clothing in which they lay. Nothing, absolutely nothing, was left. Sexton Hamill, after the discovery, said: "On the night of October 8 last an attempt was made to steal Mr. Stewart's body, but proved unsuccessful. After that I took up the stone slab from the sod and placed it a little way distant, so as to mislead in case a second attempt of the kind was made. A watchman was placed at the church, and has since been there every night until a week ago. About the reward for which the body was evidently taken, I have no idea that they will get any ransom for the remains, as Judge Hilton says this morning to me that he will not give ten cents

## "IN THE SHAPE OF A REWARD."

The Stewart vault was arched with brick, and had a depth of 12 feet, while its walls were 8 by 10 feet square. There were no foot-marks to be found, and no trace was discernable except the shovel and lantern mentioned, together with a crumpled newspaper dated September 28, 1878, with which the thieves had evidently wiped their hands after placing the body in a sack or cloth. Strips of a lady's stocking were found sewed together. What end they were designed to serve is hard to tell.

A general alarm was sent out by Inspector Dilks. He said that about one month ago the sexton of the church reported to him that the marble slab covering the entrance of the vault had been tampered with. He ordered the sexton to employ a night watchman, and had the slab removed about twenty-five feet in a south-westerly direction from where the vault was in

order to deceive any person intending to rob the grave. A watchman was employed in accordance with his wishes, and was kept on duty every night until Monday, the 4th inst., when for some unexplained reason the sexton discharged him, and at the time of the robbery, which must have taken place at a very early hour in the morning, the vault was unguarded. The prevailing idea, Judge Hilton said, has been that there was a great deal of gold, silver and valuables buried with the body, but this was a mistake, as the most valuable thing about the remains was the massive silver plate on the casket, and that had been

## TAKEN WITH THE BODY.

The deed could not have been done by professional thieves or burglars, because instead of using a "jimmy" or any other effective tool, the robbers cut the leaden box inclosing the remains open with a knife and carefully unscrewed the pine box in which both the leaden box and the casket were incased.

Judge Hilton says that if a stranger had entered the graveyard and looked about for the opening of the vault, intending to open it and carry off the remains, he would have undoubtedly begun to dig under the place where the slab had been removed, and could have continued digging until the crack of doom without touching the vault, for he would have been working twenty-five feet from it in a south-westerly direction. The Judge could not conceive why the remains were stolen, for they cannot be kept above ground any length of time as they emit a terrible stench. The foul odor arising from the empty casket is so offensive and powerful that it could be smelt above

## THE OPENING TO THE VAULT.

The body may have been carried off by persons who foolishly imagine that Mrs. Stewart, who is now building a cathedral at Garden City, where the body was to have been taken and placed within a crypt built for that purpose, will offer a large reward for it, but he feels confident that the remains will be recovered in a very short time, for every avenue of escape is well guarded and the remains which are of no value for dissection, cannot be kept above ground any length of time without being traced by the odor arising from them.

A circumstance which has caused some suspicion to rest on Sexton Hamill is the finding of a rope which belongs to him fastened round the grave slab, which was moved to allow the robbers to pass into the vault. The explanation which he offers of this suspicious circumstance is that when the discovery of the outrage was made the rope was put round the slab in order to enable himself and assistant to enter and examine the vault.

The casket in which the remains of the great merchant had been placed for interment was a beautiful work of art. It was of oak, completely covered with the finest black Lyons velvet, and trimmed with the heaviest gold fringe bullion and gold tassels. The casket was six feet in length, twenty-three inches in width and eighteen in depth. The interior was lined with white tufted satin, and underneath the satin there was a bed or mattress on which the body reclined. The interior of the casket was also trimmed with white silk fringe and pinked and fluted with wondrous beauty. A pillow, richly ornamented, was laid in the casket. The extension handles as well as the handles at the end were thickly plated with gold. The screws were all imbedded in gold. The inscription plate was of solid silver, on which was engraved the name and the date of the birth and decease of Mr. Stewart.

The outside casket was made of red cedar, the most enduring of all wood, and must have been at once recognized by the robbers. This casing of cedar was broken open, and the leaden box which enclosed the oaken casket was cut through apparently with a large knife. The robbers seem to have been under the impression that the mountings of the casket were in precious metals, but having evidently discovered their error they cast them away, except a solid silver inscription plate which was placed on the lid of the oak coffin.

The body was then taken out of the coffin, all the grave clothes being lifted out with it. Although enclosed in an airtight leaden box, there is unmistakable evidence in the coffin which was left behind that the body was in a state of

## ADVANCED DECOMPOSITION.

It is supposed that the remains when taken from the coffin were placed in a sack and then handed through the opening in the vault to accomplices who had remained outside. But how it was removed from the church yard is still a puzzle. The gates were found locked and apparently undisturbed. In all probability false keys had been procured for one of the gates of the churchyard, and the robbers, having secured the remains, were able to convey them to a hiding place. Not the least mysterious part of this outrage is that no trace of footsteps could be discovered, though the ground was soft and damp from the rain and snow of Wednesday night. The only mementoes of their presence which the robbers left were the rifled grave, the abandoned fire shovel, a dark lantern, which was new and had never before been in use, the stocking and a copy of the *Herald*, already alluded to.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart's marble residence, at Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, was hushed in gloom and silence when approached by a *Gazette* representative after the occurrence had been made public. The news had been communicated to the lady in as subdued a form as possible, though far from the ghastly character of the reality. All the inmates of the house were warned against speaking to her on the subject. Precautions were taken not to let her see the evening papers containing the accounts of it, as it was feared that the shock might prove serious to her. Meanwhile the matter was the theme of every tongue, conjecture was at a loss to ascribe a plausible motive for the ghastly deed and detective wisdom was baffled in endeavoring to find a clue to the perpetrators.

## Resurrectionists Caught.

DETROIT, Mich., November 1.—For some time suspicions have been rife that graves in Woodmere county had been tampered with, and Superintendent Higgins suspecting the identity of the ghouls, established a sort of special night watch of himself, son and two men. About Thursday night, as Higgins was walking across the cemetery to visit the watchman, he heard wheels, and running ahead warned him to keep quiet, and summoned the other men. All four laid low and watched the two men in the wagon, who drove up to the part of the cemetery where a new-made grave was located, took down a section of the fence, and leading the horse, came directly to the grave. It was evidently not their first journey of the kind, for they worked without lights and did not make a mistake, though their work was slow, and it was fully an hour before the sounds of their shovels told that the coffin had been laid bare. The watchers then closed in nearer, and saw the robbers lift out the body, replace the lid of the coffin and that of the outside box, and then fill in the grave and restore it to its original appearance.

When the men got in the wagon Higgins and his party, with drawn revolvers, rushed up and Higgins shouted: "Halt! Throw up your hands." But the men instead leaped out, and, although shots from revolvers and Winchester rifles were fired at them, they escaped, and, as far as is known, unhurt. They left behind them their horse and wagon, their tools and overcoats. Mr. Higgins and his men reopened the grave, replaced the body and arranged everything as it had originally been found by the robbers, who will now certainly be detected by means of the articles left. It is thought they were men who had robbed graves before, but not men who made a business of it, as professional resurrectionists only take about fifteen minutes to dig a hole at the head of the coffin, break in the lid and haul out the body with a rope, while these men excavated the whole grave, removed the lid entire, and, after removing the body, replaced the lid. The name of the person whose body was thus disturbed has been refused by the authorities to-night, and an attempt has been made to keep the whole matter a secret.

## Buried Alive.

Louis Bechler, a resident of Newark, N. J., and a well digger by occupation, was employed by Mr. August Buerman to dig a cesspool place for him in the yard of his residence. He had got down a number of feet into the sandy-clayey soil, when he was advised to provide a brace box. He did not think it necessary and went on digging, despite the warnings of Mr. Buerman and John Scherstal, a workman.

He got to the depth of eighteen feet on Tuesday afternoon, 5th inst., and was busy arranging to lay the foundation stones of the walls, when suddenly the embankment on one side caved in and buried him up to the shoulders. Shouting for assistance, several workmen about the house hurried to the spot and began to dig him out. This was about two o'clock. His head was twelve feet down from the level of the yard. A rope was fastened about his body under the arms, and as some men dug the soil away from his body, others tried to pull him out with the rope attached to a windlass.

They succeeded in getting him clear down to below the hips, and were putting a little extra pressure on the windlass, hoping to pull him out when he cried out: "Stop! you're pulling me to pieces. I can't stand it." He wore heavy boots and his legs were caught in the mass of stone he had with him, the earth packing it against his limbs.

The men went on digging, when suddenly a great mass of earth caved in on all hands. The rescuers had hard work to rescue themselves. Bechler was buried beneath two feet of heavy earth. As he saw the ground swallowing him up he knew his fate was sealed, and, lifting his hands in the attitude of supplication, he cried in tones that would move the strongest heart, "Oh! Mr. Buerman, for God's sake look out for my children!" Mr. Buerman also realized the doomed man's position and replied, "Look to the Lord, Louis!" In less time than it takes to relate it the earth had completely buried the poor fellow. Not a word nor a sound more from him was heard.

The workmen resumed their digging, but not

until nine o'clock at night did they reach his head. Of course, he was stone dead. He stood in the attitude in which he was last seen—that of supplication. When the head of the corpse was uncovered the wife of Louis was present. Her agony was terrible and impossible to depict. It being considered dangerous to dig further, and it being impossible to do anything for the corpse, it was left in the position described until yesterday, when about noon it was recovered and removed to the late residence of deceased.

Bechler leaves a wife and five small children.

## A Boarding-House Scandal.

LEBANON, Ohio, November 4.—A boarding-house scandal received an airing here to-day, which causes much comment in all circles. A week or so since Marshal Coyne was called upon to arrest M. Galbrett, a boarder at Walten's fashionable boarding-house, on Broadway. Galbrett was charged by his wife with beating and threatening her, and was held for trial. The court-house was well filled this morning when the case was called, and the developments were of quite a spicy nature.

The plaintiff, Mrs. Galbrett, is a fresh, buxom, good-looking young lady, while the husband looks like some distinguished foreigner. She testified that he had on frequent occasions struck and maltreated her, swearing that unless she gave up to him the names of her paramours, of whom he supposed she had a number, that he would kill her, and upon the occasion when she caused his arrest, he drew upon her a razor and attempted her life. She denied that she was in the habit of visiting the room of a gay and festive young man named Hewing, a boarder in the house, and that she visited places of amusement with other young men. The boarders, the landlord and the landlady of the house all gave her a good name, and said that Galbrett was of a fiery, jealous temper.

The defense was that the young wife was lax, and easy of virtue, and could be dazzled by every new face that possessed a mustache. The husband swore that on the occasion of this trouble he had seen young Hewing taking liberties with his wife, and when they were about to retire at night he discovered that he underclothing was torn and disordered. He questioned her, but she gave evasive answers, but being pressed, confessed that the young men had been playing with her, tossing her around, &c. Thereupon he demanded the names of the young men, but plaintiff refused to tell him. He flew into a passion, and used violent language to his spouse, when he was immediately arrested. He swore that he thought it was the desire of the boarding-house keepers and a select few of the boarders to separate him from his wife that they might appropriate her. The man has much sympathy in his trouble, as, although he is comparatively a stranger here, he appears to be a gentleman. He was defended by Hon. A. G. McBurney, while D. Allen, Esq., conducted the prosecution. Judge Smith has reserved his decision.

## An Italian Assassin's Deed.

As Officer Barrows, of the Fourth precinct, was walking up Roosevelt street on the evening of the 6th, he discovered a man lying on the doorstep of 18. He seemed to be in great distress and pressed his hand to his side. The officer made an examination and found a deep stab wound just above the heart, which bled terribly. A man named Bourke, who was standing near by, and who claimed to be a friend of the wounded man, said that he had been stabbed by an Italian in a fight. The sufferer was taken to the Fourth precinct station house. Bourke being arrested. An ambulance was immediately summoned, but before it arrived the stranger died.

Officer Barrows then arrested Michael Roflin, an Italian, who keeps a stale beer place on the second floor of 18 Roosevelt street, and another Italian, whose name was not ascertained.

The body was laid on a bench in the station house the same night for identification. At about ten o'clock a short, thick-set woman, bare-headed and wearing a striped shawl drawn tightly across her shoulders, entered the station house and told the sergeant that she would like to see the dead man, as she thought she could identify him. She gave her name as Mrs. Bourke, of 81 Roosevelt street. When the body was shown her she exclaimed:

"It's him! It's him!"

"Who?" asked the officer.

"The man who has been lodging at my house for more than a week. He has three little children, poor things."

"What's his name?" asked the officer.

"Thomas McDermick is his name. He was at my house at eight o'clock this evening."

On being further questioned the woman stated that the man who pretended to be a friend of McDermick's was her husband, and that they had left her house together at about eight o'clock, both being somewhat intoxicated. McDermick, she said, had no money, as he had been down town that day and spent all but ten cents, which he showed her. He worked occasionally at odd jobs, but found it difficult to pay for his lodgings.

McDermick is said to be known by the police of the Fourth precinct as one of a gang who drain beer kegs for the stale beer place at 18 Roosevelt street.



**Terrific Fight with Tramps.**

[Subject of Illustration.] Tramps are the terror of Springfield, Ohio, and burglaries, robberies and house-breaking are daily occurrences. The City Council has commanded the Mayor to issue a proclamation forbidding tramps to enter the city. A fearful fight took place at an eating house between five railroaders and as many tramps. The fight was brief, but terrific. One man had an eye gouged out, another had his jaw broken and was so severely kicked about the head that he will die. Another was knocked down and trampled upon by the whole party, and cut and bruised beyond recognition. He cannot recover. Two of the railroaders were terribly beaten and bruised. One railroader and three tramps were arrested; the others escaped. The tramps got the worst of the fight.

**Riot in a Chinese Theatre.**

[Subject of Illustration.] SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., October 21.—The troubles of the new theatrical troupe at the new Chinese Theatre on Jackson street continue. It appears that the Sam Yip Company have incurred the enmity of the Royal Chinese Theatre and other five companies by having imported the troupe here from China. The rival theatre shows its displeasure by sending hordes of Chinamen to the theatre to disturb the performance. On Friday evening, as already published, thirty-three Chinamen were arrested for this mischief by a squad of officers, after a lively fight in the street. Yesterday afternoon Supervisor Danforth, chairman of the Committee on Health and Police, went to the theatre to observe the proceedings. Officer Avan was also there on duty. During the performance slight disturbances were frequent, and

when it closed, at half-past six o'clock, a number of Chinamen mounted the stage and began abusing the actors. Officer Avan sprang on the stage, and commanded the crowd to depart peacefully from the building; but his order was received with jeers and yells of derision. Some of the Chinamen went so far as to menace the officer, and threw missiles at him. Among these was Ah Kid, who had been conspicuous in the disorder, and Avan seized

him and hurried him out into the street. Ah Kid immediately went back, and after breaking some glass, began to smash chairs. The officer again seized him, when he assaulted him with a chair. Other Chinamen came to the assistance of Ah Kid, but Avan fought his way through the crowd, and again reached the street with his prisoner. Here a large number of Chinamen surrounded Avan, crying, "Ti glah!" "Ti glah!" (fight fight!) and making threatening demonstrations. Avan seized one of them named Ah Fong, whereupon Ah Fong struck him in the face, bruising him somewhat. A citizen named McLaughlin came to Avan's assistance and Ah Kid and Ah Fong were marched down to the City Prison and locked up. Ah Kid was charged with malicious mischief and assault, and Ah Fong with battery and obstructing the sidewalk.

Supervisor Danforth was in the theatre at the time, but was unable to assist Avan, being separated from him by the dense crowd. After the arrest the Chinamen collected in the street to the number of about three thousand and became so demonstrative that Captain Short led a squad of officers to the spot and cleared the street with the clubs.

On Saturday night a similar row occurred, when the police resorted to the clubs to preserve the peace.

**Despoiling a Grave.**

CINCINNATI, O., November 2.—A special dispatch says that considerable excitement prevails in the city of Detroit, Mich., on account of attempts to rob graves in Woodlawn Cemetery. Miranda Harlow, a handsome woman of ill-repute, died and was buried in Woodlawn on Wednesday last. At about midnight two men were discovered at the grave, having just exhumed the body. The watchman summoned them to surrender, but they fled, when he fired several shots at them. A horse and wagon standing near by was recognized as belonging to a well-known undertaker. The latter claims that the

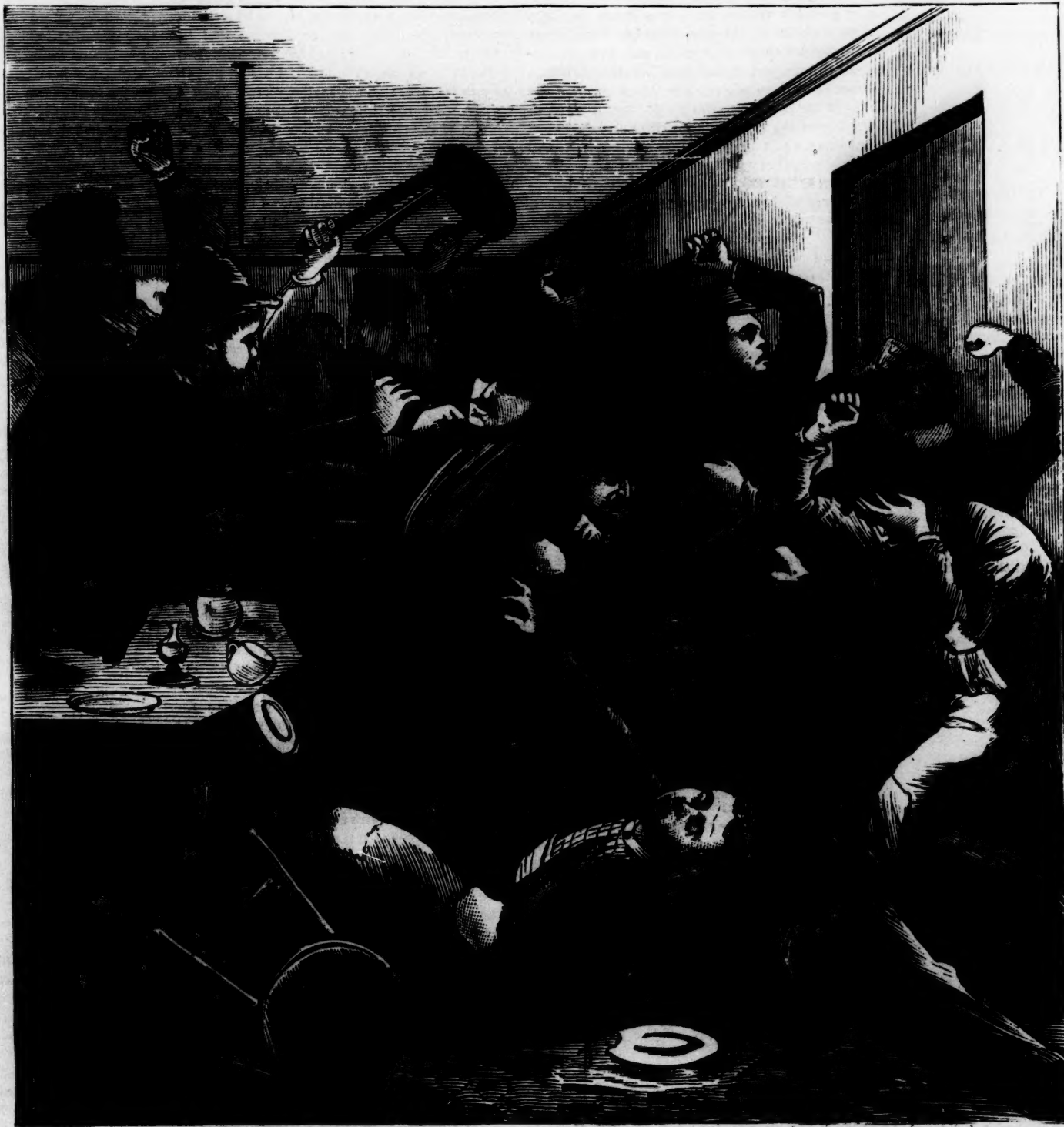
horse and wagon were stolen. The police assert that a well-organized gang of grave-robbers are operating in the city.

**A Hazardous Game.**

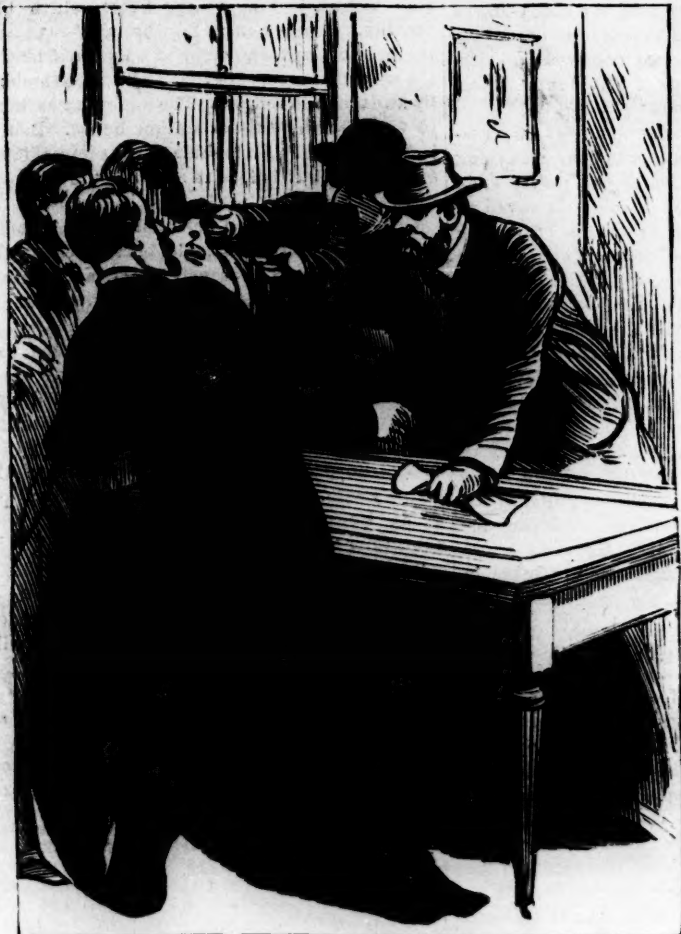
[Subject of Illustration.] LOGANSPORT, Ind., November 1.—Geo. H. Hazzard, the defaulting President of the First National Bank of Auburn, Ind., turned up in this city, according to an agreement with D. D. Moody and H. V. Hoffman, of Auburn. They are the endorsers of a note for \$300, held by the First National Bank of Auburn against Hazzard, and it was agreed between them that if Hazzard would pay them this sum they would transfer valuable papers, which they held, and which they refused to surrender until after the money was paid. Hazzard got out a search warrant to make them surrender the papers, but without success. He then had them arrested for larceny, but they were acquitted. He then offered the \$300, which was counted and laid on the table. The papers were then laid alongside the \$300, and Hazzard pocketed them, grabbed the cash, which he had borrowed from a friend who was present, and both pulled out revolvers, keeping the lawyers and Moody and Hoffman covered while they backed out of the office.

Hoffman was soon captured and lodged in jail on a charge of highway robbery. Officers from Auburn have arrived, and will arrest Hazzard as soon as the authorities here are through with him.

At Muskego, Mich., on the 4th, Frank Lee, was arrested on a charge of rape, perpetrated upon a respectable lady of that place.



TERRIBLE FIGHT BETWEEN RAILROADERS AND TRAMPS, IN A RESTAURANT, IN SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.



BANK PRESIDENT HAZZARD'S SHREWD SCHEME FOR EVADING A SETTLEMENT, AT THE MUZZLE OF THE REVOLVER, IN AUBURN, IND.



MRS. KRAMER SHOTS HER HUSBAND, WHOSE TYRANNY HAS DRIVEN HER TO MADNESS, IN ST. LOUIS, MO.—SEE PAGE 7.



**A-Frightful Tragedy.**

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., October 20.—This afternoon news reached here to the effect that a man and wife, residing on a farm at Soow Bay, opposite this city, had been murdered. The fact was made known to the coroner, who empanelled a jury and started for the scene of the horrible crime. The party returned this evening at 9 o'clock, with two small boats containing the bodies. The man was found in the stable near the cow, which it is supposed he was preparing to milk, with a bullet hole in his head, by the wound it appears he was leaning over to one side when the fatal shot was fired, the ball striking him in the neck, just below the ear, and extending upward into his head. The hole made by the bullet is quite large. The ball is supposed to have been fired from a musket. The corpse of the man presented a ghastly sight, having lain near the cow and being covered with manure and blood. The woman was found lying on the ground just outside the house, and as blood was discovered on the floor it is conjectured that she was shot in the house and started to run to her husband at the barn when she was overtaken by the assassin who cut her throat from ear to ear. The shot wound is in the chin, extending to the mouth, is about the size of that inflicted in her husband's neck. The wound in the throat is from a knife, and is a gash of about one and a half or two inches deep. The crime is thought to have been committed yesterday morning, as shots were heard by the nearest neighbor, half a mile distant, at that time. The man is familiarly known in this vicinity as "Long Jim." Two small children were found in the house—the eldest about two and a half years of age and the other six months. They had been about thirty-six hours without food. Nothing seemed to be disturbed in or about the premises, and it cannot be imagined what prompted the murder. Some venture the assertion that, as he was saving and always carried a considerable amount of money about his person, the man was murdered and robbed, and afterward, to prevent a clew, the assassin murdered the woman. The victim was an inoffensive man, and it is hardly probable that the crime was perpetrated through any malice or ill-feeling. He was aged about forty and his wife about twenty-five.

**A Cold Blooded Murder.**

The *Avenir des Pyrenees* contains the following particulars of a cold blooded murder recently committed at Bayonne, and followed by the suicide of the murderer. Jean Dulos, twenty-eight years of age, had been in partnership with a man named Gadon, in the timber

trade, which was dissolved owing to a disagreement between them. Dulos met Gadon in the street before the church, and, having picked a quarrel, threw a stone at him, by which the latter received a severe wound and lost a good deal of blood. On the following evening Dulos came to a tavern just when all the customers were leaving it. He drew out a gun which he had

hidden under his dress and shot at a friend of his named Laignee, mistaking him for Gadon. The man dropped down dead on the spot. Dulos, believing the dead man to be Gadon, cried out tauntingly to him :  
"I didn't miss you, John!"  
But Gadon, who was present, replied coldly :  
"It is a falsehood—you have not hit me."

Dulos, conceiving that he had killed his friend instead of the man whose life he sought, returned to his house to reload his gun. He then went out again in search of Gadon, determined to shoot him, but, being unable to find the man, blew out his own brains with the weapon.

**A Frightfully Atrocious Crime.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

PORT JENKINS, N. Y., October 31.—A crime perhaps without precedent is reported here to-night from Thompson, Pa., a small hamlet on the Jefferson branch of the Erie railway, about seventy miles from this town. The trustees of a school just outside the limits of the village gathered at the school-house for their regular meeting last Friday evening. There was some difficulty in getting the door open, but, after gaining admission, the dead body of Miss Alice Kennett, a young school teacher, was found upon the floor. In her lifeless hand was tightly grasped a piece of chalk, and on the blackboard was written a story almost too horrible for belief.

The hapless girl had dismissed her scholars that afternoon, and was putting the room in order for the evening meeting of the trustees when two tramps suddenly entered and seized her. Her screams could not be heard, and she was helpless in their hands. She must have threatened the scoundrels with certain identification, for, with almost incredible savagery, they cut out her tongue, and left her dying on the floor. She crawled to the blackboard, and, with desperate strength, wrote briefly the circumstances of the terrible crime, and a minute description of the two men. The room bore evidence that she had made a desperate struggle.

The sparse community was at once aroused, and search begun in every direction. The men may escape, but if they are caught their punishment will be instant and terrible.

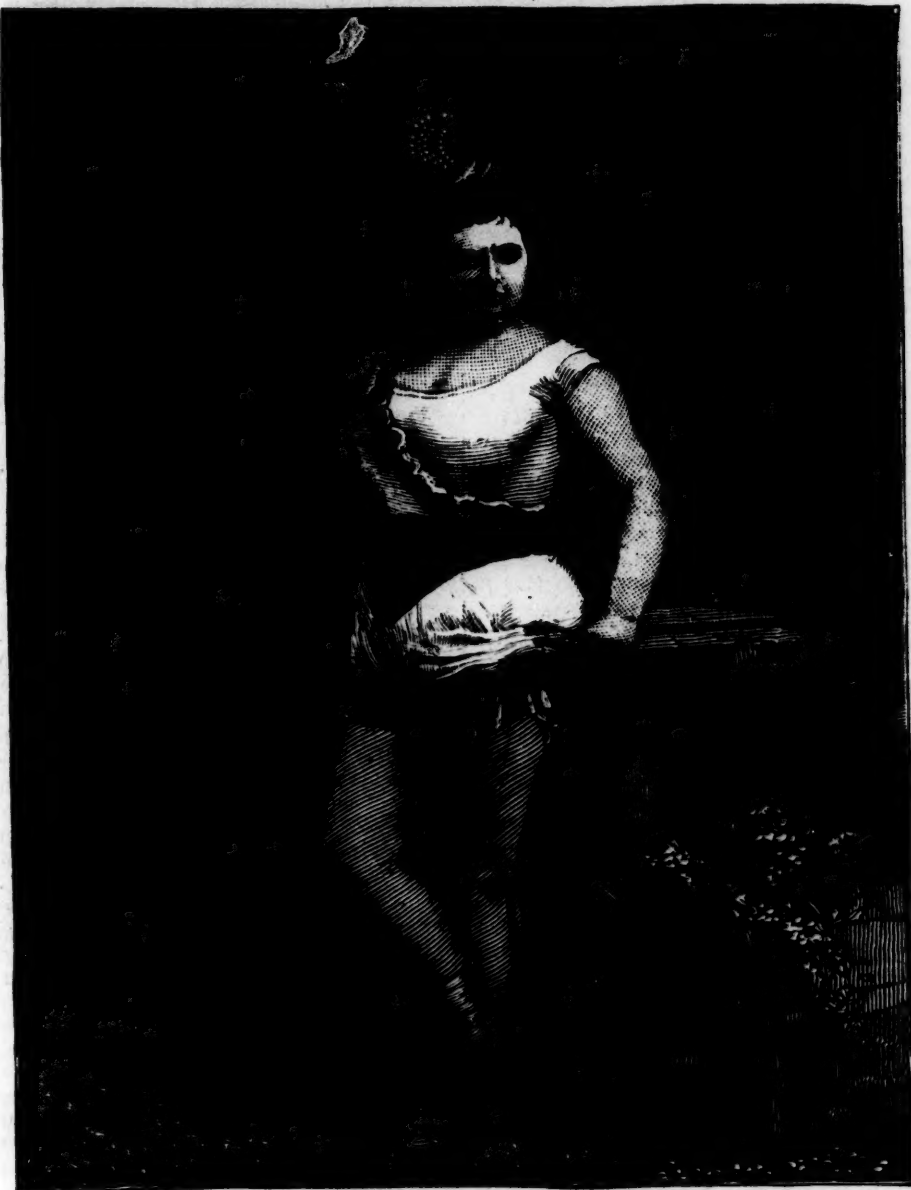
**Stage Robbers Lynched.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

LARAMIE CITY, WY. T., November 3.—Last night a coach driver from the North reported that on his trip North from here on Friday night he was stopped at the Platte River, about a mile distant from this post, by five masked men, who took from the coach two prisoners, named Mansfield and McLaughlin, and hanged them to a large cotton-wood tree on the river banks. The men were charged with being stage robbers. They had been in custody at Cheyenne, and were en route for Deadwood, under guard of James May and Jesse Brown, whom the lynchers compelled to give up their arms and surrender the prisoners. At daylight this morning M. L. Green, Deputy Coroner, rode to the scene and found the bodies still there, one hanging and the other on the ground.



MISS FARRINGTON, BURLESQUE ARTIST AND CORYPHÆE.



MISS JENNIE HUGHES, POPULAR VOCALIST AND BURLESQUE ARTIST.



MADemoiselle LETELLIER, OPERA BOUFFE AND BURLESQUE ARTIST.

FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.—See Page 2.



## A BULLDOZED BRIDE.

Mary Morris' Effort to be Released from a Strange and Hateful Matrimonial Union.

### STRANGE STORY

Of a Girl who Claims to Have Been Terrorized into Marriage with a Stranger, but Which Appears

### A RATHER DIAPHANOUS TALE.

Mary J. Morris, of 220 Walnut street, Newark, N. J., filed a petition in the Court of Chancery, in Trenton, on Friday afternoon, 1st inst., praying that her alleged marriage with Charles J. Leeuw, of Newark, be annulled, on the ground that she was drugged and forced to consent to the ceremony. The petitioner is a well-educated and pretty girl of eighteen. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, and a petite and graceful figure. Her father, Mr. Edward J. Morris, is a skillful and well-to-do mechanic, in the employ of the Peters & Calhoun Company, manufacturers of saddles and harness. Mary is a niece of Mr. Albert C. Westervelt, ex-President of the Newark Common Council, and agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company of Newark.

She related in her petition the following story: In August last she visited a relative in Brooklyn, and on the 28th of that month came to New York City to do some shopping. While admiring a show-window in the Bowery, near Grand street, a handsome and well-dressed young man stepped up beside her and said:

"Pardon me, Miss, but you remind me very much of a friend of mine living in Newark."

She was surprised that a stranger to her should know that she came from Newark; so she remained silent. He repeated his remark, and she then started down town without paying any attention to him. He followed and

#### PERSISTED IN TALKING TO HER.

She replied at last:

"You are a stranger to me, sir. I never saw you before; and if you possessed the first principles of a gentleman you would not address me."

She used other severe language, and threatened to have her prosecutor arrested; but, she avers, he laughed and said that he did not care for her threats, because he was "in with the police," and that he could have her arrested on a charge of attempting to pick his pocket. She was then so frightened that she was afraid to call on an officer, lest she should be arrested and locked up in a police station, and that her acquaintances might then accuse her of flirting with a stranger. She had no friends to whom she could appeal, except her relatives in Brooklyn, and she was therefore puzzled how to get rid of the stranger, who insisted on walking and talking with her. She finally thought it best to seem sociable, and let the young man accompany her to Brooklyn. He then told her, she says, that he was a merchant, that his name was Charles J. Leeuw, and that he had a number of admiring lady friends in Fifth avenue. She boasted of her wealthy relatives in Newark and her gentleman friends. She says she entreated Leeuw to leave her when they arrived in Brooklyn, but he persisted in keeping her in sight until she entered her relative's residence. This was at four o'clock.

The petition further avers that while sitting on the piazza of her friend's house that evening she saw Leeuw coming up the street, and, fearing that he would speak to her, and that her friend would learn of her adventure, she crossed the street and requested him not to call on her at the house. He said:

"I will not, if you will take a walk with me." It was quite dark at the time, but she was so afraid of her friend's learning that she had flirted with a stranger that

#### SHE COMPLIED WITH HIS REQUEST.

They strolled to one of the ferries, and he then induced her to cross to this city, promising to see her safely home after they had called upon his sister. On the ferryboat Leeuw prevailed upon Miss Morris to let him have her night-key, so that there would be no danger of her losing it. He asked her to have tea with him in a Bowery restaurant, and when she refused, he said he would not give up the key until she obeyed him, and then he would take her back to her friends. She then realized that she was in his power. She avers that she so feared Leeuw's threats that she dared not speak to a police officer, and that when he took her to a hotel in the Bowery she obeyed him like one in a dream. He said to her on the private stairway, according to her story:

"If you do not follow me I will kill you; otherwise I will take you home unharmed."

She entered a room with him, and he at once locked the door. She screamed and tried to escape from the room, but he seized her and said: "Unless you are quiet and shut your mouth, I will kill you." He prevented her

screaming by holding his hand on her mouth until she was nearly smothered. Fearing that her life was in danger she kept quiet, and he released her. She took a seat by an open window and said to Leeuw:

"If you attempt to touch me or come near me, I will scream until a police officer hears me."

"I don't care a d—n if you do," said Leeuw, according to the petition, "for the police know me, and if you do call for help I will say that you attempted to pick my pocket. As you have no money or friends, and you are in my power, you will be lodged in the Tombs until you die. I will keep you in this room as long as I wish."

Notwithstanding, he drew back from her whenever she screamed. He placed the bed against the door of the room and lay down, while she maintained her position at the window. She sat by the window through the night, she says, the prey to

#### AGONIZING FEARS IN REGARD TO HER FATE.

The petition further avers that at six o'clock the next morning Leeuw told her he had determined to deal kindly with her but he would not release her until she promised to marry him. She said she would in thirty days, if he would let her go to her home in Newark.

"I will not," she says was his reply. "You must marry me to-day, or I will kill or ruin you, as I have done in other cases, and nobody will ever find you out."

When she refused to marry him on such a brief notice he, she avers, shook his fist in her face and said: "Then prepare to die or starve to death. Marry me and I will never let anybody know, and I will never bother you."

Knowing that she was in his power, she agreed, she says, to do as he wished, and he then told her they were going straight to a minister, and if she did not say "yes," to every question the minister asked, she would never see her parents again, adding, "The minister and everybody else where we are going are my friends, and will do as I desire."

After quitting the hotel, she continues, Leeuw took her to an adjoining saloon, and wanted her to have breakfast. She refused, as she did not like the appearance of the proprietor and his wife. The woman told Miss Morris that she looked haggard and ill, and that she ought to drink something. Miss Morris then drank a glass of what she supposed was sarsaparilla. Ten minutes later she had a peculiar dizzy feeling in her head, and she moved about mechanically, like a person in a trance. Leeuw and the proprietor of the saloon and his wife, she says, took her to the Five Points Chapel, where the marriage ceremony was performed by the pastor, the Rev. G. S. Plumley. The witnesses were the saloon-keeper and his wife, who, she has since learned, were Kibbie Howard and Charles Miller.

She adds that she believes she was married to Leeuw, but she does not remember anything about the ceremony. Leeuw, she says told her they were lawfully married, and that he had the certificate. She asserts that if she was married to him, the ceremony was performed while she was under the influence of drugs and in danger of her life, and she claims that even if she consented with her lips she did not with her mind, and that she was terrified.

#### INTO OBEYING HIM.

After the ceremony, she continues, Leeuw, Kibbie Howard and Charlie Miller left her near the chapel, and she remembers nothing more until she found herself at the home of her relatives in Brooklyn. She immediately sent for her parents, who took her to Newark, where she has remained ever since.

It is stated that several days after the alleged marriage Leeuw called at the residence of Mary's parents and demanded to see his wife. Mrs. Morris refused him admittance to the house, and he went away after declaring that Mary was his wife and that he would recover her. It is asserted that it was intimated to the friends of the petitioner that the difficulty could be amicably settled by the payment of damages to Leeuw. They pretended, it is alleged, to favor the proposition, and engaged three detectives and set them to watch Leeuw. The detectives have reported that Leeuw is the son of a laborer and lives in the fourth story of a tenement house in Second street, near the Bowery. He told Mary, she says, that he lived in Thirty-sixth street. The friends of the petitioner profess to believe that Leeuw forced her to marry him in the hope that her relatives would pay him

#### A GOOD ROUND SUM TO GET RID OF HIM.

He has threatened proceedings against her father and her uncle, Mr. Westervelt, on the ground that they kidnapped his wife from Brooklyn, and are now keeping her confined in Newark. The petitioner cannot remember the name of the hotel and saloon into which Leeuw enticed her in the Bowery, but she says she can recognize them if permitted to come to this city. The detectives, it is averred, are afraid to bring her here, lest she might be recaptured, and that a great deal of trouble would ensue in the courts before she could be freed.

Mr. Edmund E. Price and his partner, the counsel for Leeuw in this city, state that they had made no proposition to Mary's friends on behalf of their client to settle the case for a

pecuniary consideration. Mr. Price said that Leeuw is only twenty years of age, and that he is dead in love with his alleged wife, who, Mr. Price says, was legally married to him and whom he is determined to have. Mr. Price added that Miss Morris told Leeuw that her parents wanted her to marry a man in Newark, but that she hated the man and vowed not to become his wife. Mr. Price's partner said that they could not now make public their client's facts, but he thought the petitioners committed an error in making application to have the marriage set aside. He ridiculed the idea that Leeuw had forced her to marry him.

### A SILVER LAKE WAIF.

Sudden Turning-up of One of the Many Supposed Victims of the Staten Island Mystery, with a Romantic Finale.

Ellen Murphy's history, so mysteriously hidden since August from every one of her intimate friends who supposed that her body was that found in the barrel near Silver Lake, Staten Island, in September, had its latest and to her most eventful chapter acted on the 3rd. Ellen left her trunk at Mrs. Condren's in Tompkinsville, and went to look for her lover, Louis Riege, in Somerville, N. J. She did not find him, and then she disappeared. She had hinted that she was going to Europe if Louis Riege would not provide for her and protect her when she was about to become the mother of his child. The avenues of travel were visited by reporters, but nothing could be learned of Ellen's departure by any water route from the city. It had been tacitly agreed that the fate of Ellen Murphy was to be only one of the hundreds of similar ones. A poor girl had again been weary of life, and sought self-destruction. Riege had been as anxious as any one to

#### KNOW OF HER WHEREABOUTS.

After his discharge from arrest he resumed work in Freeman's brewery in Clifton, where eighteen months ago, he first met Ellen. As he had been in danger of indictment for the murder of Ellen, while the body in the barrel was thought to be hers, and as the newspapers had heralded his testimony before the coroner's jury, and yet Ellen had not appeared to set him free, he feared that she was no longer living. On Thursday, the 31st ult., Louis was told at the brewery that a woman wanted to see him. In a moment he stood before Ellen Murphy. With a cry of joy he took her in his arms. Her face was pale. Together the couple returned to Ellen's hired apartments in this city, where the father was presented with a healthy girl baby just two weeks old. Its blue eyes and the nose are the reproduction of Ellen's, while the lower face is an image of Louis. A reporter calling on the young couple on the evening of the 3rd, found them on the point of starting out to be married. A friendly German woman in the house had the baby in charge, and was to stay at home and care for it until Ellen and Louis should return.

The bride elect wore a drab dress trimmed with navy blue, and a blue ribbon was at her throat. She took from a nail a white hat, jauntily cocked up on one side and tastefully trimmed with light blue silk. "Be careful of the baby," was her parting request. Louis, who wore a business suit, picked up his soft felt hat, and, before putting it on, bent over the baby and kissed its forehead tenderly. The reporter was an invited guest, and on the way to the minister's, Ellen told, while riding in a street car,

#### SOME OF HER HISTORY.

She refused, however, to reveal where she went after giving up Louis, in August. It was not to any rooms in this city, as has been said, but to a country town one hundred miles from New York, in a private family, where she went under an assumed name. In her skirt lining she had sewed up all her savings, amounting to \$100 in cash, and on that she relied to pay her expenses. A physician and a careful nurse attended her.

The finding of the unknown body was known to her, and the subsequent whether it was her own or not, but she would not reveal her whereabouts. When Louis was arrested she eagerly read the newspapers to see whether he was to be imprisoned for her murder. If so, then she had determined to return home and have him released. But if he was to be only for a time in trouble she would let him endure it. She thought that he ought to have some punishment for his neglect of her in Clifton. Ellen added that they had decided, in many conversations last summer, that they would immediately marry, but the dread of exposure, and, more than all, of facing their friends, who objected to the union, either on account of differences in religious belief or in nationality, kept them unsettled in purpose.

Ellen's story was told in intervals of conversation with Louis, and her words as well as her manner toward him showed that she was glad to have found a protector. There was even a sparkle in her eyes, a faint color in her pale cheeks, and

#### A RENEWED VIGOR IN HER MOTIONS.

When the wedding party alighted from the street car Louis led the way to the De Witt City Mission Chapel, in Greenwich street, near Cedar, a

tiny Gothic edifice, where Sunday services are held. It is unsectarian. The Rev. George Hatt, a Baptist minister, is in charge, however, and he greeted the wedding guests.

There was a brief prayer, invoking the Christ, who was at the marriage in Cana of Galilee to witness and bless the nuptials, and a briefer address in which the little company was reminded that it is not good for man to live alone and that therefore God made woman to be a helpmeet for him, when the minister joined the right hands of the couple and pronounced them man and wife. Louis meanwhile looked at the minister, and Ellen kept her eyes fixed on the floor. As a prayer was offered that the marriage might be recognized in heaven, Louis' eyes filled with tears that rolled down his face. Then Louis tucked something into the minister's hand. The minister held the outer door open and shook hands with each member of the party as it walked into the street. Up Broadway it went, and, in passing the flower stand in front of St. Paul's Church, the reporter bought a bouquet of roses and violets and gave it to the bride. It was their only present. The newly-married couple returned to their comfortable room. Louis says that they are to return to Staten Island to live, sometime in this week.

### Women Whipped by a Masked Mob.

(Subject of Illustration.)

NEW ALBANY, Ind., November 4.—Lettitia Brock, living at Scottville, in the extreme western portion of this county, came to the city to-day and made complaint, the complaint to be laid before the Grand Jury, that on Tuesday last Sam and Jack Ferrell, George and James Holloway, George Brock, Alex. McFall, Charles Clark, Walter Wesley, Herman and Robert Scott and Henry Todd, did most brutally beat herself and Mrs. Maggie Wilson.

The facts of the case are that the two women are a bad set, and have scandalized the neighborhood in which they lived for years. Some two years ago Mrs. Brock's husband committed suicide, and since then rumor has been busy in connecting her name with his death. About the same time Mrs. Wilson's husband died. Soon an illicit intimacy sprang up between Mrs. Wilson and William Brock, who was a married man, but no relative of the other woman in the case. They soon eloped, and intense indignation prevailed, threats being freely made that there would be a first-class lynching if either ever returned. A few weeks ago Mrs. Wilson returned, followed by her paramour. They took up their residence with the widow Brock, and, although warned to leave the neighborhood, they refused to go. Meanwhile one Bud Davis, who had been about the place at the time of Brock's death, had returned to the scene, after having served a term in the penitentiary for robbery. He renewed his visits to the house. Then there were more robberies and more indignation.

On the Tuesday night referred to, the house was visited by about fifty masked men, who demanded admission. This was refused, and the door was battered down. The women were taken and bound to a post, after which their backs were laid bare from the armpits down, and they were most cruelly scourged with hickory withes. The cruel whips were laid on until the blood ran down their backs in streams. The women both fainted, and were then released. The men left after warning all the victims of the outrage to leave. Mrs. Wilson and paramour have left the country, but Mrs. Brock, who is a woman chock full of pluck, says she will stay and fight it out, and intends to have revenge.

### A Chloroform Robbery.

(Subject of Illustration.)

(Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.)

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., October 31.—This town was thrown into quite an excited state this morning by the discovery that one Jeremiah Joseph, living two miles north of town, on the farm of John H. Hoffman, cashier of the Morgantown Bank, was chloroformed and robbed of \$800 last night. His wife, having occasion to attend a sick child about midnight, went into the apartment of her husband and discovered the presence of the anesthetic. She discovered her husband in a senseless condition. With a cloth saturated with chloroform over his face. With the assistance of her son she removed him into the open air, where he soon recovered consciousness. The thieves secured the money by breaking open a bureau drawer in which it was kept. It was not supposed that any one knew of his having that amount of money in the house. Chloroform was left in the room and the drawer was open, from which money was taken.

### More Negro Fiendishness.

(Subject of Illustration.)

COLUMBUS, O., November 3.—A special to the State Journal from Reynoldsburg, states that last night a negro named William Stefour, went to the woods where three women and one man were encamped, and attempted to outrage one of the women. Upon being urged by the male companion of the woman to desist, the negro became enraged, and struck the man with a piece of fence rail, and it is supposed, fatally injured him. The negro was afterward arrested, and is now in jail.



## A WOMAN'S WILES.

The Celebrated Kremelberg Divorce Suit in Baltimore and its Spicy Revelations.

### WARNING TO WOMEN,

Who, Being Handy With the Pen, Allow Themselves To Be Compromised in Black and White.

### A MELANCHOLY DOWNFALL.

BALTIMORE, Md., October 31.—In the Kremelberg divorce case in Baltimore, Miss Elizabeth Virginia Kremelberg, daughter of complainant by a previous marriage, twenty-two years of age, testified that Mrs. Kremelberg, herself and her children spent in Bremen the winter of 1872-3. In February, 1873, the party with nurse Margaret went to Weisbaden and remained until July; that Mrs. Kremelberg was intimate at Weisbaden, first, with Dr. Cohen, then with Van Brunneck; the latter visited her two or three times a day and remained late at night. He walked with her before breakfast and sent flowers every morning. The witness breakfasted with the children. He left for Thur in the middle of June, 1873. He sent a letter two or three days after he left and then afterward every other day. She said she missed him very much. His letters from Thur had monogram and crest on them. The witness identified the letters and further testified: Mrs. Kremelberg, herself, children and nurse left Weisbaden July, 1873, and went to Interlachen, thence to Luzerne, thence to Basle, thence to Baden Baden. They were at Interlachen about two weeks and Kremelberg and witness at Luzerne twelve days, the children remaining at Interlachen while they were at Luzerne. They were joined by Van Brunneck on their way to Interlachen and he remained with them all the time they were in Switzerland. Van Brunneck engaged five rooms at Interlachen. His bed-room was

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE MRS. KREMELBERG'S. At Luzerne they slept in adjoining rooms the first night and afterward he had a room opposite Mrs. Kremelberg, while the witness was placed on the third floor. Before going to Switzerland Mrs. Kremelberg always left the door open between the rooms, saying the air was so much purer; afterward she always locked the door between her and witness' room. Van Brunneck was often in their private parlor, and on the witness retiring at ten o'clock he would remain there. The witness saw him in her bedroom at Luzerne. She had on her wrapper, and he came in his dressing-gown. They left Luzerne about August 13th, to meet Mr. Kremelberg at Baden. Margaret and the children rejoined them at Berne. Spent the night at Basle and Van Brunneck had a room opposite to Mrs. Kremelberg's on the first floor, while the rest were placed on the third floor. She looked very sad the next morning, when she bade him adieu. They went to Baden, and in about a week Mr. Kremelberg arrived. His wife refused to go to the station to meet him, saying it was not worth while to pretend you liked people when you did not. Some one told her father about Van Brunneck, as he asked her who he was, and occupied a separate room, contrary to their general custom when traveling. Next evening about nine o'clock witness heard a great noise in the parlor, rushing in she saw Mrs. Kremelberg tearing around the room like a mad woman, throwing the china and everything she could get her hands upon on the floor, and saying to Mr. Kremelberg, "I will ruin you, see if I don't;"

"YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A THIEF." She quieted down and began to coax him for some letters. During the time they remained in Europe Mr. and Mrs. Kremelberg had no intercourse except before strangers. The children took their meals with their father; she alone. The estrangement continued until their return to the United States, when Mrs. Kremelberg and her two daughters went to her father's and Mr. Kremelberg and his son Dido to his residence. In December, 1876, Mrs. Kremelberg came to the house from New York and remained there, refusing to leave until the next night. Mr. S. Teasdale Wallis, her lawyer, wrote her a note advising her to go and she went. The witness said that Mrs. Kremelberg was very high tempered, and indifferent to her children by fits and starts. She identified a letter from Mrs. Kremelberg to Van Brunneck to be in her handwriting, and stated that her stepmother's and Van Brunneck's intimacy was commented on in Weisbaden and Switzerland. Some strange ladies told the witness that she ought to caution her about it, and said she was using the witness as a shield. In Baden she heard Mrs. Kremelberg tell her husband that she loved Van Brunneck next to her God and believed God had sent him to make her life on this earth happy.

Margaret Wecklein, the nurse, twenty-eight years of age, testified to very much the same

facts as Miss Kremelberg, and stated that the night after their arrival at Baden she saw Mrs. Kremelberg pull a handful of his hair out and pull him by the whiskers, and then proceed to break up pitcher, basin, her watch, &c. She told her husband she would not give Van Brunneck up, because he made her life a happy one in this world; that it had never been happy with him, and she knew God had sent him to make her life happy in this world. She repeated over and over again that she loved Van Brunneck.

#### NEXT TO HER GOD.

The witness said that Mrs. Kremelberg never cared to see her children when she was with Van Brunneck; that she was naturally of a very high temper, very often told falsehoods, very extravagant and selfish, though generous at times. Before she became acquainted with Van Brunneck the witness was never allowed to close any of the doors of the communicating apartments of herself and children. They were always left open. Afterward, in Switzerland, she would close the doors and lock them.

Charles A. Martin, bookkeeper to Mr. Kremelberg, proved that from May 17, 1872, to July 21, 1873, Mrs. Kremelberg had spent \$20,377.54.

The following are the letters from Van Brunneck to Mrs. Kremelberg, which Mr. Kremelberg had found in her trunk at Baden:

THURSDAY, June 20, 1873.

"MY DEAR AND ADMIRABLE MADAME: During my railroad journey to this place your dear, sweet picture hovered near me and my lips continued to feel the sweet parting kiss which your dear mouth had pressed upon them, and this recollection sent a thrill of intense longing for you through me. Under all circumstances I must see you once more before you cross the ocean again, to be ever separated from me.

"The railroad trip to this place is a very easy journey, particularly if you travel by night, and will cost here and back 100f, which is very cheap, and you would have to pay here. Please have compassion on the feelings of your unhappy friend who loves you, he believes, as never woman was loved before, who adores you, and let him hear soon of your plans or else impatience will entirely consume A. V. BRUNNECK."

JUNE 29, 1873.

"MUCH HONORED AND DEAREST MADAME: It is impossible for me to bridge up the impatience of my heart any longer, and I must remind you to please not postpone

SENDING THE ANSWER AND INFORMATION SOON. I think also that you could very well have given a plausible reason to your husband for changing your abode from Weisbaden to Switzerland.

"I feel, however, like being very angry with myself for having acted so foolishly in leaving Weisbaden so soon, when I was better off than ever in my life before, when I made the acquaintance of a woman to whom my heart clings in a way it has never done to any one, and for whom I have a longing such as I never experienced in my life. O, how bitterly I have regretted this folly!

"Dearest, darling lady, I would like to, but I dare not call you Gertrude, please consider if you cannot manage to come to Switzerland. What matters it, a 1,000 francs spent more or less? All you have to do is to pack up. I will take care of the unpacking. I must see you under all circumstances; anywhere you say except Weisbaden.

Yours, V. BRUNNECK."

FRIDAY, August 15, 1873.

"MY DEAR, SWEET GERTIE:—I arrived here last night and I feel terribly lonely and unhappy. I regret from the bottom of my heart that thou hadst to start so soon for Baden and could not stay a few weeks longer with me in Switzerland. Oh! why did thy cruel husband have to come so soon? Believe me, dearest darling, when I tell thee that I felt indifferent as to whom I found here, and only felt sad to think I could not be permitted to spend a few more happy days with thee.

"I implore thee, my darling, to write to me as soon as possible and let me know when I can see thee again and what thy future plans are. I am ready at any moment to go to thee at whatever place thou bidst me come. I cannot exist without thee. I pine for thy presence, which

BRINGS LIFE AND WARMTH TO MY SOUL.

I love thee more than I can tell thee and can not live any longer without thee. Please to write to me soon when I can see thee again. I kiss thee a thousand times in my thoughts.

"P. S.—I will not write again until I have thy permission to do so and know that the letter will reach thee safely without interception.

AUGUST 25, 1873.

"DEAREST GERTIE: The fact of my not having answered thy last two dear letters until to-day must prove that something very uncommon has happened during the last few days to account for my silence. How could I otherwise have calmed the longings and desires of my heart, which only beats for thee, to rush to thee, dear Gertie, at once, knowing as I do that thou art at Baden alone, without thy husband? I fear it is but too true, dearest Gertie, that thou spoilt me terribly with all thy kindness during our last

trip, and my head fairly swims with feeling of intense bliss and heavenly happiness when I think of the many proofs of loving affection which I received from thee in so copious a form. And although I must say thou teased me at times a good deal about 'that woman,' and at times, too, appeared a little too coquettish, this is all forgotten now, as thy likeness is engraved on my memory as the ideal of a beautiful, lovable woman. Thou art my little goddess whom I worship. Thou needest not be afraid, dearest darling, of comparison with other women. Thou art my little, I loved. Their pictures have all vanished before thy dear countenance, and as I love thee I have never loved any other woman.

"Thy last two letters have fairly enchanted me. Every dear word, dear Gertie, was to me

#### A FOUNTAIN OF HAPPINESS.

It is to be deeply regretted that thy husband does not possess the qualities to make a wife so endowed by nature attached to him and happy. The communication about him astonished me also, but it does not suit me at all that he is not coming to Baden until September. Talking about accounts reminds me that thou must have paid too much for the jackets and drawers at Basle. Probably they did not give thee enough francs for thy twenty-eight thalers. I inclose receipt, which was sent to me, and would like to inquire if they fitted well. Thou really takest too dark a view of this matter, dearest pet; I am sure they will soon be too wide for thee.

"At the end of the week I am going—the only question is, Where? I will not go to Baden, because I do not wish to appear before thee again as a sick man. I consider myself still looking very badly. Don't let anybody make love to thee too much, dear Gertie. Perhaps, after all, I will go to Baden. It would, of course, have been much pleasanter if thy husband had arrived sooner, and then, possibly, he would now be on his way to Vienna again. As it is, I really do not know when, or even if we can meet again. Please write soon and let me know if you will see me once more, and when you think it can be done. Thine,

ALBRECHT."

AUGUST 28.

"MY DEAR GERTIE: My heart is so full that I feel compelled to write to thee again to-day to tell thee how dearly, dearly I love thee, and how unhappy it makes me to be separated from thee. When I think of thee I am seized with an intense longing for thee, and a feeling of anguish and agony comes over me. Believe me, when I say the time thou thoughtest I had forgotten thee I suffered greatly myself at being unable to write, as I have

#### ONCE BEFORE TOLD THEE.

"In regard to thy letters rest assured that I hold them sacred and that nobody sees them. How couldst thou possibly suppose that I would permit my cousin to read my letters? I am anxious to hear about thy first meeting with thy husband and somehow a vague foreboding haunts me that on this occasion there might be some serious scenes between you, not that I think that I will be the cause, although on the other hand I feel confident Jenny will tell her father everything. Margaret shed tears at our parting at the railroad depot at Basle, and I must confess she is right in saying we ought to have been more careful before the world. I will promise in the future to profit by her advice.

"I sympathize deeply with thee, poor darling, at having to meet thy husband and only hope all matters in connection with it will go off tolerably well. Let me hear all about it soon. Please write soon, for I crave impatiently for news from thee. Thine,

ALBRECHT."

"My health is somewhat better. Thy soap reminds me of thee every morning." Van Brunneck, who gave his testimony before a Commissioner in Europe, denied positively, under oath, having had a criminal intimacy with Mrs. Kremelberg, and claimed the intimacy was one of friendship only. He explained the allusion about the jackets, &c., to have originated from the fact that he was out shopping with Mrs. Kremelberg, and the allusion was a jocular one, excited by a conversation he had overheard between Mrs. Kremelberg and the shop-keeper. He explained that the other phrases were all to be construed as evidences of an innocent attachment.

The following is a copy of the letter from Mrs. Kremelberg written the day after the scene with her husband at Baden to Baron Van Brunneck: "I am writing this with a whirl of agitation, and my thoughts are racing in hot haste through my brain, for husband has discovered all, and this letter is to bid you God-speed and to bid you good-by forever. Do not think that I have been rash or injudicious, and any indiscretion on my part has led to the discovery. I could have outwitted him over and over while brains had the part to play, but I confess I was unprepared, and am no match, for

#### HIS KNAVERY AND SOONDERLISM.

But I must tell you what has happened. While walking with my little Dido, something the child let fall aroused his suspicions, and on further questioning, confirmed them, for you know we have been unguarded. Retiring to the hotel he pleaded indisposition, and occupied the time

while I was at table d'hôte in opening my trunk, searching it thoroughly, and searching through all my boxes with the use of duplicate keys, which he had secured. Think that my life is bound forever to such a man as this! His duplicity was rewarded. In the lower tray were four of your letters, the two first and the last you wrote me. All the others I have destroyed. I have destroyed. I kept them because I loved them and you too dearly to give them up. I put them in the securest place I had, for my jewel-case has a peculiar lock, as I discovered in Bremen, having mislaid the key. Fritz Acheles and the jewelers, Wilkins and Dargan, searched Bremen in vain to find a key to fit. I was unwilling to have the lock broken and trusted to my key turning up, which it eventually did. After this experience I considered this the safest lock I had and although I never anticipated burglary I laid them down in the lower tray for security, with what result you have seen. After table d'hôte we had an interview, in which he tried to draw me out, but I suspected something and was on my guard. Getting no satisfaction, he told me, confessed what he had done, and actually had the face to tell me that he was about to perform the noblest act in his life, viz.: that of forgiving me; but I cut him short in his heroic and stock-tricks, hurled his unworthy conduct at his head, upbraided him for his trickery, took the part of the injured one, and have maintained the same ever since, to his utter bewilderment and discomposure. Little did I think in sending off my last letter that my next object in writing would be to cut the cord that binds our hearts together."

### A Wife's Revenge on a Tyrant.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ST. LOUIS, Mo., October 29.—A series of domestic quarrels between Henry F. Kramer, a wealthy saloon-keeper of this city, and his wife, Anna E., was brought to a sudden termination at a late hour to-night by the use of a revolver, which was fired by his wife with serious effect. Kramer is the proprietor of a well-paying saloon on Washington avenue, near the approach of the St. Louis and Illinois Bridge, and a man of means and good standing in the community.

The period of the difficulty with his wife dates back for a number of years. Both himself and wife are natives of Germany, but they were married in St. Louis, where they have lived for many years. Kramer is a large, well built, fine-looking man, and attracts a good deal of attention wherever he goes, particularly among ladies, and this seems to be the secret of this trouble with his wife. She has been seen by the police on several occasions watching him in the saloon from a dark doorway on the opposite side of the street, to see whether he associated with other females.

About eleven o'clock to-night they had a quarrel at their residence, which is in the neighborhood of the saloon, and he struck her several times, as she states, and attempted to kick her, when she drew from her pocket a small Smith & Wesson revolver, and exclaimed, "Stop or I will shoot you," he rushed toward her and attempted to seize her by the throat, scratching the side of her neck in the attempt. She sprang out of his reach and unhesitatingly aimed the pistol at his breast and pulled the trigger, but at the same instant he threw out his hand and struck the barrel, knocking it up, and the ball struck his chin and passed through his jaw into the neck. A physician was hastily summoned and the wound dressed, but at present there is but little hope of his recovery, as the wound is bleeding profusely, and it is feared that an artery has been severed.

After firing the shot Mrs. Kramer, who appears to be a woman of uncommon nerve, delivered herself up to the police, and solemnly admitted what she had done. She states that her married life has been a continual season of misery, and that her husband has beaten her before. When asked how long they had been married, she answered, "Just eleven years too long."

### A Fatal Game.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., November 1.—This place was thrown into an excitement to-night by a sad homicide. Both parties to the affair being well known and of good reputation. Ellis Baring and Thomas Bartley, two young gentlemen, were playing poker in a saloon. It was a private, social game, and their mothers probably didn't know they were out. Several friends were looking on. Said Bartley, "No cheating." Baring replied, "I am not cheating." Bartley replied in a very excited manner, "You are a d-d liar; you are lapping the ace." Then they clinched. The lookers-on thought the two bloods were wrestling, and one exclaimed, "Let 'em have it good." But it seems the poker-players were wrestling with a vengeance. After they had been dusting around on the floor for five minutes, with little or no bloodshed, Bartley drew a dirk and stabbed Baring in the small of the back. As he did so, he said, "I will show you how to lap the cards, you d-d thief." The murderer ran and made good his escape. Baring expired in a few minutes.





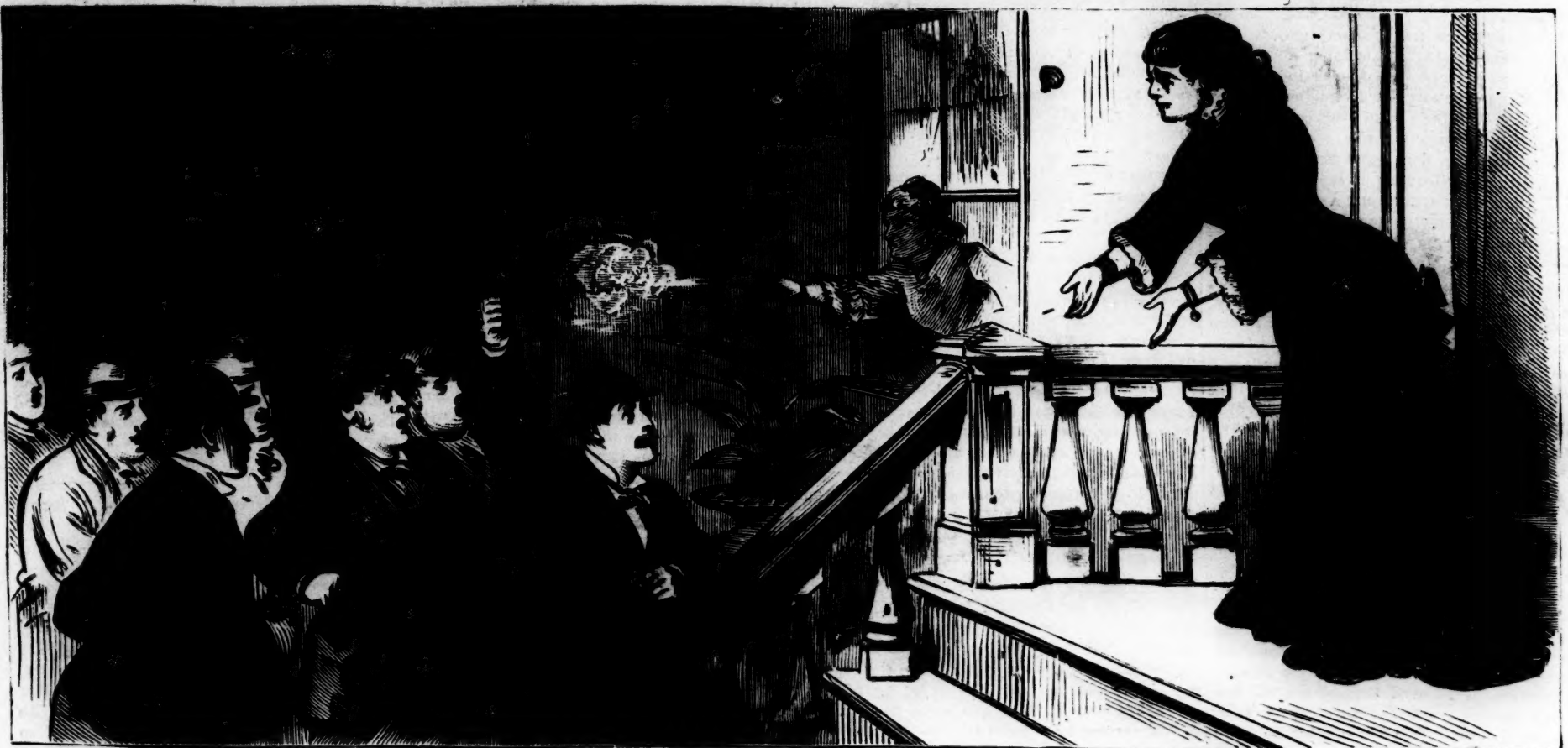
A LAKE TRAGEDY—THE BODY OF A MURDERED MAN FOUND IN A YAWL BOAT, WHICH DRIFTED ASHORE ON STONY POINT, LAKE ONTARIO, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 12.



MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF MR. COOK, BY AN UNKNOWN MAN, NEAR AUBURY PARK, N. J.—SEE PAGE 12.



MR. JEREMIAH JOSEPH, CHLOROFORMED AND BOBBED BY MIDNIGHT MARAUDERS, NEAR MORGANTOWN, W. VA.—SEE PAGE 6.



A NUMBER OF STUDENTS AT ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, MAKE A RIOTOUS DESCENT UPON A HOUSE OF ILL-FAME, WHERE ONE OF THEIR COMRADES HAD COMMITTED SUICIDE.—SEE PAGE 12.



STENOUB, A NEGRO VILLAIN MURDERS A MAN FOR ATTEMPTING TO PREVENT HIM FROM PERPETRATING AN OUTRAGE UPON A WHITE WOMAN, NEAR REYNOLDSBURG, OHIO.—SEE PAGE 6.



LATTYTA BROOK AND MRS. MAGGIE WILSON TAKEN FROM THEIR HOME AND BRUTALLY FLOGGED BY MASKED MISDEAMANTS, AT SCOTTVILLE, IND.—SEE PAGE 6.





## HOMICIDAL HORRORS.

Of Sufficient Number and Variety of  
Atrocity to Enable the Craving  
of the Most Exacting

TO FILL TO SATIETY.

A Sickening and Sanguinary Recital  
of the Murderous Tendency of  
Mankind, Which Should Afford

A FIELD FOR THE HUMANITARIAN.

### UNPROVOKED MURDER.

MAON, Ga., November 4.—Abner Gibson, while intoxicated, shot W. D. Coleman through the body and leg without the slightest provocation. Coleman will die. The night before Pug McMichael shot William Mayer four times, seriously wounding him.

### BLOODY END OF A FEUD.

St. Louis, Mo., November 2.—A dispatch from Chetoph, Kansas, says Theodore Munsterman, a farmer, was arrested here yesterday, charged with murdering a man named Hunt, living some twenty miles from Chetoph, and mortally wounding his wife last Wednesday night. Hunt was shot through the right eye and Mrs. Hunt through the left eye. The latter revived sufficiently after the condition of affairs was discovered to state that Munsterman committed the deed. An old feud is said to have existed between the men.

### A DISAPPOINTED LOVER'S REVENGE.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., November 1.—Between four and five o'clock this afternoon a tragic shooting affair occurred at the little town of Milan, three miles southwest of this city. It was a case of unrequited love and revenge. The victim is Miss Mary Bufum, a young school teacher of prepossessing appearance, who, after the hour of closing her week's work, was on her way home. She was overtaken by Frank Sturgeon, about twenty-five years of age, who, upon meeting her, drew a revolver and fired two shots, both balls taking effect in the abdomen, with probably fatal effect. Sturgeon had been engaged to Miss Bufum for some months, but of late she had discarded him.

### BRUTAL MURDER.

BOONVILLE, Mo., November 2.—Another foul murder was perpetrated at Ridge Prairie, Saline county, on the night of the 31st ult. Mr. Thomas Cookrell, who had charge of the store at that place, was found on Friday morning with his throat cut and his head bearing the marks of two ghastly wounds which had been inflicted with the iron leg of a stove. The deceased was a brother of George S. Cookrell and Thomas J. Wallace, of Cooper county. Suspicion points to a negro with whom, several years ago, the deceased and a nephew had a serious difficulty. The negro has since served a term in the penitentiary, and was released about a year ago. The negro is now under arrest on suspicion.

### THE ST. CATHERINE'S TRAGEDY.

QUEBEC, Can., November 5.—The trial of Michael Farrell for the St. Catherine's murder closed to-day. The prisoner was accused of shooting Conway, a neighbor, on the railway track, which crossed his land, because he left a fence open after passing through. Judge Monk, in charging the jury, directed them to find a verdict of wilful murder, which they did after being locked up two hours. The prisoner heard the verdict unmoved, but his wife who was present, uttered a piercing shriek, and was removed from the court loudly sobbing. Still Farrell remained unmoved, and when asked what he had to say before sentence was pronounced replied; "If that man had put up the fence after him he would have been alive to-day and I would not have been here. I did not put up the fence for my enemy to throw down. He had previously challenged me to fight, and had threatened to smash my face." He spoke with extreme vindictiveness. Judge Monk, who was much affected, addressed the prisoner most impressively, reminding him of the sanguinary drama which he enacted when without provocation he shot a neighbor in the presence of his brother and little children, hurling him into eternity without a moment's notice. He told him to expect no mercy on this side of the grave, but to prepare to meet his doom, and sentenced him to be hanged on Friday, the 11th day of January next.

### A NOTED MURDERER RETURNING.

Peter Froman, of Bull River, S. C., the self-confessed murderer, who escaped to England and for whose extradition successful efforts have been made by this Government, arrived in this city on the 6th, on board the steamship Nevada, of the Williams and Guion line. A despatch, signed by Sheriff Wilson, of South Carolina, was received by Captain Kealy, chief of the detective force, asking that a couple of detectives be sent to pier 39 North River to assist in conveying to Police Headquarters a man whom he had arrested in London on a charge of murder. Captain Kealy despatched Detectives

Woolsey and Thompson to await the arrival of the steamer and render the required assistance. When the vessel arrived the officers boarded her and the prisoner was handed over to them by the South Carolina official and taken to the Central Office. In the detectives' room he was taken before Captain Kealy, and in answer to the latter's questions said that his name was Peter Froman, that he was thirty years of age, was born in Holland and is a sailor by occupation. He will be held at Police Headquarters until the arrival of Sheriff Wilson and will then be taken to Charleston, S. C. While in confinement in the Bow street prison in London, Froman, after being remanded by the police court magistrate, pending his extradition, made a vigorous effort to escape October 4 last. Reaching the roof of the prison, he was recaptured only after a fierce and prolonged struggle with the jailer and his assistant.

### A CAUSELESS CRIME.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., November 3.—Last evening, about nine o'clock, Jas. Bundy, a well-known and highly respected old colored farmer, residing on his farm of over 200 acres, four miles south of the city, was foully murdered. He employed six men, including two whites, and in company with four of them was quietly dozing, when persons were heard out in the road calling for Bundy. He went out there. He soon returned to the kitchen, seized a heavy poker and double-barreled shot-gun, and without a word again hastened out, and firing was soon heard, several shots in all. Bundy was heard calling for aid, and the laborers rushed out and found him doubled up by the fence, and saw a team with several men driving rapidly away; they carried him into the house, but he died almost instantly, without a word of explanation of the affair. He had been shot in the leg and stomach, evidently by revolver bullets. Information was quickly brought to town, and Police Chief Stack and several of the force hastened out there, and fortunately captured the murderers at neighboring houses. Three were in the act of escaping on saddle horses. They were Hamilton Montgomery, Smith, and James May. They showed fight, but were overpowered. The other, a man named Tom Underwood, was found in a dwelling near by, wounded in the head and hip by bird shot. All four were colored men, and were brought to the city. Montgomery and Underwood are charged with the murder. They each had large revolvers that showed evidence of fresh firing. The cause of the shooting is unknown. Bundy was sixty years old, had lived on the same farm over thirty years, and was quite wealthy.

### Caught in the Act.

The town of Aurora, Ohio, is stirred from center to circumference with a sensation, the like of which that quiet village never knew before. The Harmon and Eggleston are two of the wealthiest families of the place, and the scandal involves a disgrace to both of them. Six years ago Clayton Harmon married Miss Riosies, the daughter of the head man of a principal dry-goods store in Aurora. The marriage involved an unhappy scandal, Miss Riosies, it is said, being in an interesting condition at the time, and to enable them to live it down both joined a church, and have since been active in church work. They have two fine boys. About eighteen months ago Harmon became suspicious of his wife's relations with a young Eggleston, a village merchant, and told her father of his suspicions. He was told that it was all nonsense and was inspired by jealousy. Harmon kept the matter to himself, but resolved to watch for further developments.

A few evenings since his opportunity came. His wife announced that she was going to church in the evening, and Harmon said he did not care to go. Before she went out Harmon went and hid himself in the barn in order to watch her movements. Instead of going toward the church his wife came by the barn and passed over to the next lot, in the rear of Eggleston's house, and there he saw her enter an out-building. After waiting a few minutes Harmon went over, and as he reached the building met her coming out. He asked who else was in the building, and, receiving no reply, went to the door, which he found fastened. When he succeeded in pushing it open he received a sudden blow on the head from a board, which cut it open badly. The blood spurted out in a stream, but Harmon grasped his assailant and choked him until he got him under control, and then he compelled him to give him his match-box, and striking a match was enabled to identify him. Eggleston trembled like a leaf, and begged Harmon pitiously to kill him, and save him the awful disgrace of exposure. Harmon finally allowed him to go. The young woman, it is alleged, excused her conduct by saying she had inherited her propensity, and that her parents have been disgraced in a like manner before her. The couple have separated.

Harmon's father is a member of the Legislature and worth about \$250,000. Young Eggleston is a married man and the son of Gen. Nelson Eggleston, well and widely known throughout the state.

## THE CORPSE BROKERS.

Horrible Revelations of Atrocious and  
Unparalleled Crime in the Trial of  
the Cold-Blooded Barkers of Bridge-  
port.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., November 6.—Mrs. Alexander, on trial to-day for the murder of "Stuttering Jack," insisted on going on the witness stand to tell her story, against the advice of her counsel, and the result has been that on her cross-examination to-day several points of a most damaging character were developed against her. She looked tired and paler to-day than usual, the result, as counsel said, of her continued illness since she was on the stand last Friday. She determined, however, to attempt the ordeal of a cross examination, and at the close of the session looked worn and completely tired out. During the cross examination she several times lost her temper, and either answered in a surly and moody manner, or in a sharp and spiteful way that evidently created an unfavorable impression on the jury. When no particular point was being made in the cross-examination, she settled back in her chair and answered in a monotonous and careless way, which finally drifted into a sing-song tone that was very comical.

DESPITE THE SERIOUS CHARACTER OF THE CASE. She sighed frequently as she related the minor details of the atrocious crime, and when asked by States Attorney Olmstead if she did not help Bassett to put the rope about the body before it was put in the barrel, she shuddered, and her teeth chattered as she replied, "No; I couldn't touch the body! Do you think I'm more of a brute animal than a human being?"

Interesting details as to the manner in which the Yale Medical School obtain their subjects were developed by the cross-examination. Mr. Olmstead dwelt at length upon her visit to Dr. Sanford, the Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, in March last, when she and Lizzie Cavanaugh tried to sell their bodies before death, for purposes of dissection. After the refusal of Dr. Sanford to advance money on her body, to be delivered after death, she said they had some talk about "subjects," in which he said that he would pay her \$25 each for any subjects that she brought him, and that the school was sadly in need of subjects for dissection. She then told him that if he was in a hurry she thought she could furnish him one in a few days, referring to a former husband, William Clegg, from whom she claims she was divorced in New York City before she married Francis H. Alexander, the last of her three husbands. Her reason for offering his body was that she had heard he was drinking very hard and was liable to fall dead in the streets at any time in one of his aprees. As he had been her husband she supposed she had some claim upon his remains in case she should desire to.

### DISPOSE OF THEM AFTER HIS DEATH.

Further questioning brought out the fact that she had not seen Clegg in over two years! She further said that Dr. Sanford had told her that in case she sent him any subjects she must not send them in a long box, because that would look too much like a coffin, but must put them either in a shoe box or a barrel, and mark thereon her initials, L. E. A. He said that every one who furnished subjects to the schools had a private mark which was put on the barrels, and so hers must be marked "L. E. A." In accordance with these directions, she put on the head of the barrel containing Stuttering Jack's remains her initials and the word "Bridgeport," which were the letters that Bassett cut from the barrel head when he threw it into the ravine. These she claims were put on the morning the barrel was taken to New Haven, and because Bassett made her do so by threatening her.

When she went into Dr. Sanford's house to dispose of Stuttering Jack's body, she handed to the doctor a piece of paper on which was written: "I have a body with me to sell. Please pay me and let me get away as quick as possible." The doctor asked whether the body was male or female, and on being told that it was the former, he refused to buy unless she would show him a proper certificate of death. This she could not do, and he refused to pay the expense incurred to bring the body to New Haven. She was crying during her interview, and he asked her to compose herself, and advised her to return the body to Bridgeport. She told him she couldn't do that, and asked, "Doctor, what shall I do?" He said, "You had better start for home, and on the way it may occur to you."

### "HOW TO DISPOSE OF IT."

His advice was told by her to Frank Bassett, and, accordingly, the body was dumped in the ravine near Birmingham. She denied emphatically that she went to Dr. Sanford's and offered to sell her own body simply for the purpose of introducing the subject so as to find out what she could obtain for dead bodies, and claimed that after that visit the idea of procuring money in that way passed entirely out of her head until one day Bassett, who had been told all about the visit, came to her and asked her to write to Dr. Sanford. He told her to ask the doctor for the address of some person who was in the

business of digging up bodies, and one whom he could trust, as with such a one he could reap quite a harvest. She said she could not make a request, but instead wrote a letter inquiring for the services of a resurrectionist, and offering to furnish two or three bodies at once. This letter was written at Bassett's request, but was not signed with his name, because he thought it better for her.

When alluding to the barrel portions of Dr. Sanford's advice, Mr. Olmstead startled the accused by asking her:

"Now, Mrs. Alexander, didn't you send Bassett for the barrel he brought on the Wednesday before the murder for the purpose of sending something to Dr. Sanford?"

The woman trembled like an aspen leaf, and, hardly able to control herself, shouted out, "No, sir, I did not. I had him get that barrel for my own private use, to put things in to send home to my mother." The answer finished she sank back in her chair like one exhausted, but her eyes snapped fire toward Mr. Olmstead.

Then he asked, "Did you concoct the story about finding the body in the yard and barreling it up that you told Dr. Sanford?"

Hardly had the question been put before she snapped out, "No; Bassett did that, and it was 'AS FALSE AS HELL!'"

In the continuation of Mrs. Alexander's testimony to-day there was nothing new, with the exception of the fact that soon after they left the house she said she heard a blubbing noise in the barrel, which frightened her so that she caught hold of Bassett by the arm and tried to get out of the wagon, but he called her a coward and threatened to kill her if she didn't keep quiet. She caught him by the arm, shrieked as the noise was heard again, and cried out, "Oh, let me get out, do! Frank, how can you use me so cruel when I've been so kind to you?" She did not hear this dreadful noise again until the barrel with poor Jack's remains went crashing through the bushes down into the ravine, where it lay undiscovered for three months.

The States Attorney, in his cross-examination, got Mrs. Alexander to say that she lived with Bassett for over two months after the crime was committed, as his wife, and had several opportunities to divulge the crime during his absence from the city on coasting trips. During these months she had said nothing about the murder of which she claims she was so unwilling a witness, and done nothing looking toward escaping from him. She had been off on a cruise with Captain Wyncoop, and even then did not escape, when she had an excellent opportunity to do so, had she feared Bassett and

### WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM HIM.

In order to fix her complicity in the crime, and to show that she was not an unwilling witness, but really an accomplice, Mr. Olmstead made her state that after she first went into the room and saw Bassett applying a sponge to Stuttering Jack's nose and mouth, she went in and out of the room, handed Bassett the bottle containing the chloroform, and saw him apply it to the nose of Jack again and again until he died.

She said there was a pistol which she had borrowed in the house, but that she did not go and get that and use it to protect herself against Bassett, because she did not know how to use it. Bassett, in his story of the affair, says that she had that pistol in her possession at the time the murder was committed, and cowed him into submission by its use, and that on the night after she murdered Jack she put the pistol under her pillow and left it there through the night, for the first time since he had lived with her. It was by means of this pistol, he says, that she obtained such complete control over him as to make him do whatever she willed.

Bassett will not be put upon the stand, as the district attorney fears that if he does put him on he cannot try him for a capital offense, and as a partner in the crime.

### The Vacelet Tragedy.

[With Illustrations.]

We give in another place a series of accurate illustrations of the scenes of the Vacelet tragedy which occurred near Vincennes, Ind., early on the morning of the 24th of October, specially photographed for the GAZETTE. A synopsis of the horrible affair, fully detailed in our previous issue, is given below. The victims were farming people, a man, wife and two sons, who lived near the town. The two sons, sixteen and eighteen years of age, assisted them in the work of the farm. Pierre Provost, a Frenchman, was the suspected murderer, and was hired by Vacelet to work on the farm. The boys were found with their heads horribly crushed, exhibiting no evidence of any struggle, and lying in their beds. Vacelet was lying in the door which connects the two rooms, having evidently been struck as he was entering the boys' room to see what was the matter. His body presented a sickening appearance, there being eight gashes on his head and face and three on his arms, shoulders and breast. His wife was in her bed, with five ghastly cuts on her face and head, and one across her throat, evidently a knife cut, severing the jugular vein. Provost was terrified by threats of lynching and hung himself in his cell.



## UNDER THE WAVES.

Toils and Trials of the Daring Workers who Brave the Dangers of Submarine Labor.

### MYSTERIES OF THE SEA.

As they are Revealed to the Undaunted Gaze of the men who Pierce its Awful Sanctities.

### A LIFE OF THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Far out on the blue water to the eastward of Sandy Hook, seven miles from the nearest land, lies the brigantine *Carrie Winslow*, sunk in the gales of last January. She lies in 100 feet of water, and her cargo, including 150 bales of Uruguay wool, has been imbedded in salt water for upwards of eight months. Nevertheless, the Coast Wrecking Company are fishing it up, bale by bale, in almost as good condition as ever. Originally valued at thirty-eight cents per pound and to-day, notwithstanding its long detention at such a remarkable depth, it is expected to bring twenty-eight cents in the open market. At this rate the owners will receive some \$30,000 of their \$40,000 loss.

A reporter recently visited the scene of operations in the Coast Wrecking Company's tug *Relief*, Captain Dave Wolcott commanding. A working force of ten of the most expert wreckers and divers on the Atlantic Coast, under the command of Captain Archie Wilson, were on board, with all their machinery in the way of engines, cables, diving apparatus, etc. The fore hold of the *Relief* was lumbered up with the wreckers' supplies, and a fifty-ton schooner, towed at a distance of 200 yards astern, carried an additional consignment.

It was a beautiful morning, and the outer bay was dotted with outgoing craft of all sizes. Tall ships spread their sails one by one to the breeze and bowed along gallantly, while pretty little yachts and snug pilot boats glided gently about in picturesque confusion.

The *Relief* puffed along slowly to the southeast, dragging the schooner after her through the rising billows, which threatened every moment to snap the towline. In twenty minutes she was abreast of the *Sandy Hook* lightship, whose red hull rose and fell gracefully on the moving surface. A mile to the southwest two buoys were distinguished floating lazily on the outgoing tide, whereupon Captain Wilson cleared decks for action. The schooner was placed between the two buoys with a stern line running to each, which in turn were connected with two other buoys and the steamer, the whole forming a firmly set triangle, within the middle of one end of which was the schooner.

The object of this arrangement is to secure perfect steadiness and prevent the schooner from dragging while the divers are down. The schooner is placed directly over the wreck, so that the descent to the latter may be made perpendicularly.

At high noon officers and crew sat down to dinner on the quarter deck of the *Relief*. The weather was delightful, a fine breeze from oceanward fanning the heated brows of the workers and invigorating them for fresh attacks on the table, which literally contained the best the market afforded. Wreckers, like pilots, are epicures in the manner of good living, and actually fare better than three-fourths of the well-to-do householders of New York. A "baron of roast beef" that would have done credit to Old England ornamented the head of the table, and a round of compact and finely cut cold corned beef the foot. Half a dozen kinds of vegetables excellently cooked, an apple dumpling that for succulent tenderness could not be excelled by anything in the *Astor House* larder, and the magnificent and appetizing sea air made a dinner fit for a king.

During the meal the divers laughed, chatted and told stories of plungings into the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico and the Straits of Magellan.

By 1 o'clock everything was ready for work. The sea was a little higher than agreeable, and the schooner rose and fell on the waves in a manner which rendered the descent more difficult than it would otherwise have been. Charles Coolan, a good-looking, athletic young fellow, with shoulders broader than O'Leary's and limbs as hard and muscular as a prize fighter's, was the first to go down.

His first step was to put on several suits of extra underclothing to keep off the cold. The average temperature in 100 feet of water is forty degrees. Then he drew on an air-tight suit of white India rubber, terminating about the shoulders in a heavy iron breastplate. When safely encased in this, a ponderous iron helmet, weighing 30 to 40 pounds, was brought out and screwed on to the breastplate until the whole formed a perfectly water-tight covering from head to foot. There were three openings, or little windows, in the helmet, each of the area of

several square inches, and each carefully guarded by narrow iron bars. Particular attention is paid to the thickness of the glass and the stoutness of the bars, for on these depends the diver's fate. The face glass is circular, and is screwed on last of all, just as the man steps over the side. Henceforth he is shut up in a living tomb, which at any moment

MAY BECOME HIS COFFIN.

From the top of the helmet issues a rubber pipe about the size of a garden hose, only several times thicker and stouter. Through this the air is forced by means of an air pump worked by hand. The valves of the pump are surrounded by ice in order to keep the air pure and cool so that wrecking expeditions are often forced to put back into port for lack of ice. Inside the helmet the noise of the incoming air sounded remarkably like an immense buzzsaw.

Besides the water-proof suit and iron helmet Coolan put on a pair of shoes—the most remarkable part of his equipment. It would make a Broadway shoemaker smile to see the soles of this extraordinary foot-gear. Each is composed entirely of lead about two inches thick, and weighs from ten to fifteen pounds. This heavy weight is necessary to counterbalance the ponderous helmet and breastplate, which would otherwise prove too much for the bearer. The weight of the entire suit is over 100 pounds, and yet with the increase pressure of the water on all sides, it is comparatively light.

All being ready, Coolan nods to his assistants (his face glass has been screwed, and he can only communicate with those outside by signs) and begins to descend. The air is whizzing into the back of his iron head-piece at a tremendous rate as he lumbers heavily over the side and lets himself down into the water. Both hands clutch tightly the life-line, down which he descends, while two men stand over him, one holding the line and the other

PAYING OUT THE AIR-PIPE.

These are called "tenders," their business being to respond to the signals and look out generally after the welfare of the man on the bottom. On their promptness and efficiency the diver's safety and often his life depends. A green or careless tender is worse feared than a small school of sharks.

For thirty-five feet or more Coolan's course is unobstructed. Then he strikes the main-topmast of the sunken vessel. Down this he crawls carefully in the dim twilight, avoiding the yards and tackle which still hang from the masts. The scene is ghastly enough for one of Victor Hugo's novels. The brigantine lies on her side, imbedded in the firm, hard sand, with her masts and yards raking at an angle of say 30 degrees from the perpendicular. From the slanted yards hang the tattered remains of sails and rigging, streaming idly downward in the quiet water, like moss trailing from limbs of dead wood. Down upon the silent deck, among the pilot fish and sea bass, the diver holds his way. The fish lurk about the deserted decks in schools, and require blows and strokes with the diver's knife to drive them away. The latter weapon, a rough looking blade, yet, withal, sharp as a razor, is carried slung in a leather sheath at the side. A big striped fish, known as the hinge, coiled about the hatchway in a thick school. Coolan draws his knife, slices one of them in two, while

THE REST SCATTER.

All is black darkness in the hold of the sunken vessel, and many minutes pass before everything is ready for hoisting. The hides which constituted a large portion of the cargo, are packed over and above the wheel, and these have to be dragged off before the more valuable commodity can be reached. At length a big, dirty, white bale, strapped with iron, and weighing out of water some 800 pounds, is disengaged from the debris and dragged to the open hatch. Into the mouth of the latter, and just visible in the dark gray light, dangles the end of a rope tackle, which is seized and made fast to the bale. A certain number of jerks on the rope signify, "hoist away," and slowly and quietly the big bale rises toward the surface.

From two to three hours is the usual period of a diver's work. The fatiguing employment, the labor of carrying about the immense weight of the suit, and the constant pressure from all sides are terribly exhausting. None but men of the strongest constitutions succeed at the business, and even then it is thought to lessen their lives. In the present case two or three bales in the morning and as many in the afternoon are considered a day's work.

The next "spell" under the water is taken by Rufus Peterson, Coolan's mate. He is thinner and many pounds lighter than the other, and at first sight would appear hardly capable of bearing up the immense weight which is laid upon him. Long years of practice in the Mississippi and Mexico and in South America have made him perfect, however, and he buckles on the marine suit with as much ease

AS THOUGH IT WERE BUCKSKIN.

He disappears below the bubbling waves, and in fifteen minutes the tightening of the falls and a jerk on the life line tell that another bale is "hooked."

On deck the wool is subjected to a thorough examination. Notwithstanding its eight months sojourn under water, the glistening fleece is found to be as fine, as soft and as flexible as ever. This is due to the thick, oily residuum which permeates the unwashed wool, and forms an effectual protector against the salt water. Had the cargo been washed before shipping, it would now have but little value.

"What is the chief drawback of a diver's life?" was asked of Coolan, as the latter rested on the deck after his labors.

"Well, I should call it the uncertainty. For instance, you go down into 90 or 100 feet of water, with nothing between you and the surface except that little air pipe. If it should break or leak, or get out, it is all up with you. As long as that whizzing noise at the back of the helmet keeps up you are all right; but let it dwindle or stop, and there's only one thing to do—to make tracks out of there."

"Have you ever had it break with you?"

"I have had the noise stop as quick as you'd shut off steam. I didn't stop there long, you can bet. I was down in fifty feet of water, and it took the liveliest kind of scrambling to get up in time. The pipe had broken off at the top, but one of the tenders put his hand over the break, and they managed to send me down a little more air as I was coming up. The air inside of the helmet grew hot and thick, and by the time I got to the top I was gasping

LIKE A FISH OUT OF WATER.

Next to the air-pipe, the diver looks most carefully after the little pane of glass which covers his face. The iron rods, two vertical and two horizontal, which protect it, are made and fitted with especial care, so as to afford the greatest amount of protection consistent with a clear view. The breaking of this glass is generally equivalent to immediate death, the rush of the water within being apt to choke the victim instantly. Peterson tells of a case on the Atlantic Coast in which a diver was drowned by the breaking of this glass. The man was exceedingly nervous, and apt to lose his head when he got into difficulty. Especially he dreaded the breaking of his face glass, and for this reason had it made unusually stout. One day while working in the hold of a ship loaded with railroad iron, he jammed his helmet against the thin bottom edge of a rail. The glass was shattered. The green water rushed in with tremendous force, and strangled him before he could make an effort to get out. Peterson grouping his way through the dark hold, stumbled upon the body of his unfortunate mate, doubled up around a stanchion.

In giving for the Submarine Company of St. Louis, in 1871, Peterson himself met with an accident that

WELL-NIGH PROVED FATAL.

He was employed at Fort Leavenworth in the Missouri river, in over fifty feet of water. While at the bottom of the river the bell in which he was at work was overturned, the bell boots which he wore being torn completely off him by the violence of the shock. The current was running at the rate of seven miles an hour. He retained presence of mind enough to grasp a life line which happened to be within reach, whereupon the current bore him to the surface.

Coolan was one of the divers who fished the 600 bodies out of the wreck of the *White Star* steamer *Atlantic* in 1873. The corpses of the dead were found jammed against the furniture, crammed through glass sky-lights, hidden away behind state-room doors, and always in the most frightful contorted attitudes. To grope into a cabin in the dark and come suddenly upon the bodies of an entire family—father, mother and children—intertwined in one last embrace, was not uncommon. The most hideous cases and most trying to the nerves were the single corpses hid behind doors, which tumbled into the diver's embrace on opening them.

"Which is the easiest sort of cargo to move?" "Railroad iron. It is the cleanest and the easiest to handle. Assorted cargoes, grain in bulk and miscellaneous goods are the worst."

### Excitement on the Color Line.

PETERSBURG, Va., November 4.—The beginning of the trial at Hicksford, Greenville courthouse, to-day, before W. S. Goodwin, Judge of the County Court, of Major William A. Reese, conservative member of the Legislature, on the charge of killing Adolphus Trotter, negro, at a Republican meeting some weeks ago, was attended with manifestations of intense excitement on the part of the negroes of the neighborhood. Hundreds of them have flocked to the courthouse from all parts of the country, armed with sticks, and some of them are reported to have threatened that if Reese is acquitted they intend to kill him before he leaves the courthouse. On account of the excitement many ladies have come to this city from Greenville, and a special force of constables was detailed to-day to prevent disturbance at Hicksford. The negroes profess to be greatly aroused by the killing of Trotter and Hith by white men within two weeks. The day was consumed in the examination of witnesses. Colonel Charles S. Springfellow is counsel for Major Reese.

### COMSTOCK'S CRANKS.

The Illustrations Agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Morality Prohibits the Exposition of Works of Art.

For a week prior to Thursday, the 31st ult., a picture was displayed in the show window of Mr. Andrew J. Hope, a Fulton street confectioner, which attracted a deal of attention. It is a spirited composition representing the entry of Charles V. into Antwerp. On Thursday last, 31st ult., those who have been accustomed to stop in passing to admire the picture found over the glass that protected it in its handsome walnut and gilt frame a large show card, on which the following has been conspicuously printed:

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.—I purchased of William Schaus, of Broadway, the enclosed picture which he had on exhibition in his window, a water-color copy of Makart's great historical painting of "Charles the Fifth's Entry into Antwerp," which is at present all the rage at the Exposition. Being the only copy which would reach this country before Christmas I took pride in showing it to the public. A gentleman claiming to be the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Morality came into my store and peremptorily ordered it out of the window.

SURELY THE WORLD MOVES!

The picture is three feet long and eighteen inches wide. The characteristic Dutch architecture is shown in the background. Advancing up the street on a high-stepping charger is the youthful Emperor. Behind him and by his side ride his retinue of gorgeously habited generals and courtiers, with whom several beauties of Antwerp are not unwilling to engage in pretty flirtations from the quaint old windows. As the Emperor advances comely mothers hold up their babes that they may see him. There are in all over fifty faces in the picture.

So far there is nothing at which Mr. Anthony J. Comstock, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, could take exception. Hans Makart is recognized as a great artist, and the picture exhibited in Mr. Hope's window is declared by good artists to be a creditable copy. Walking, however, in front of the Emperor's horse are three scantily dressed women. There is nothing in their action, in their faces, or in the arrangement of the drapery, to suggest lewdness. Artists in discussing the picture, explain that in those times (the sixteenth century) it was customary, on an occasion on which the people of a city desired to receive a monarch and to express a profound sense of allegiance to him, for noble ladies to disrobe in order to

WALK BEFORE HIM AS HERALDS.

It was deemed symbolical of the sacrifices the people were willing to make for their royal master, and the ladies themselves esteemed it an honor to be selected to be heralds. This is said to have been done in the annually recurring *fele day* of Henry IV.

Such a scene Hans Makart has represented. The gaze of the spectators is fastened upon the Emperor and not upon the ladies, whose walk proclaims their pride in the position assigned to them, and who are unconscious of any sense of shame.

"If," a connoisseur in art said, "Mr. Hope cannot exhibit that picture, then the Loan Exhibition must take down from its walls the 'Birth of Venus,' by Cavani, a nude figure by Bongerou and a picture by Lenoir."

Mr. Comstock, however, makes the point that what may be a perfectly proper picture in a gallery may be altogether improper in a show window. He says that in point of fact boys did gather on the sidewalk in front of this picture and that he will swear to circumstances that were to him proof that the boys' minds were improperly affected.

"We don't interfere," Mr. Comstock added, "with the sale of any work of art, as such. 'The Decameron' of Boccaccio can be found in every first-class book store in New York. We don't interfere with its sale there; but when a man advertised 'The Decameron' as 'rare, rich and racy' reading, and put it upon the market at prices so cheap as to fall within the means of boys, we interfered, and were

SUSTAINED BY THE COURTS.

It has been expressly held that a jury shall be the judge of what is to be held obscene, and that they take into consideration the price at which the alleged obscene matter may be sold.

Mr. Comstock says he has done nothing that he is not compelled to do by his oath of office. The statutes of the state, he says, prohibit the sale or exhibition of obscene, lewd, or lascivious publications or pictures; and long before the statutes were made, the common law, as interpreted by the most distinguished judges, had defined obscenity. The Lord Chief Justice of England, Mr. Comstock continued, used these words, which bear on the case in point:

"What can be more obscene than many pictures publicly exhibited, as the *Venus* in the Dulwich Gallery? It does not follow that, because such a picture is exhibited in a public gallery, that photographs of it might be sold in the streets with impunity."

Other decisions of the court of last resort in England affirm this view.



**A Bagnio Mobbed by Students.**

(Subject of Illustration.)

ANN ARBOR, Mich., October 31.—During the last few years there has existed under the very nose of the city authorities, in the business portion of the Third ward, a house of ill-fame presided over by one who has been the terror of the police, who have let her alone for some weeks back, and Howard Williams, the young medical student who committed suicide on Tuesday night, had frequented that house and became enamored of one of the inmates, Lou White, as she calls herself. Some of his fellow students, believing she was the cause of his killing himself, thought it would be a fine thing to vent their rage on the proprietor of the house. During the day it was noised around that a demonstration would be made this evening. About 9 o'clock a crowd commenced to collect at the Leonard House, and when they started out the number had increased to five hundred. The house was reached and the proprietor called for. She made her appearance and addressed the students briefly, but had little effect in quieting the enraged mob. The speech not being satisfactory, some one hurled a stone at her, when several shots were fired from parties in the house. Shooting now commenced in earnest, and although the police were promptly on hand, they were unable to quell the disturbance. Some fifty shots were exchanged. It is almost a miracle that no one was hit. Several had close calls. Policeman Porter had his cap shot through, as did also a student, while the house was riddled with bullets. While the bombarding was going on two inmates, Mollie Smith and Gertie Westmore, rushed from the building and implored protection, which had the effect of quieting the infuriated crowd. The Smith woman swooned from exhaustion. An inspection of the premises afterward showed everything in confusion. Revolvers with chambers empty were lying around, and the building somewhat resembled an arsenal. For a time the greatest excitement prevailed. The result will probably be the breaking up of the house, and as several parties outside who did the shooting are known, they will undoubtedly be arrested to-morrow.

**An Insane Murderer's Deed.**

(Subject of Illustration.)

PAXTON, Ill., October 30.—Yesterday afternoon in Mena township, in the upper portion of this county, a horrible tragedy was committed by one William Buckman, a Dane, who has been living with his brother, James Buckman, and family for a long time. On that afternoon, without any apparent provocation, he, with a large,



HANGING OF MANSFIELD AND McLAUGHLIN, STAGE ROBBERS, BY MASKED VIGILANTES, NEAR LARAMIE CITY, WY. T.—SEE PAGE 5.

dull butcher-knife, assaulted his brother James, who attempted to take the knife away from him, pushed him into a closet, and a terrible struggle ensued, terminating by James escaping through a window and running for his life. Baffled here,

the madman assaulted Mrs. Buckman, who left the house and ran for assistance to the neighbors, as did all the children, for he seemed to be animated by a hellish desire to kill somebody. All the members of the family escaped and ran

shouting for help to the neighbors, but left a babe in the cradle, a little boy aged five months. This babe Buckman deliberately took out of the cradle, laid it on the table, and cut his throat with the knife, killing the babe instantly. He then made two unsuccessful attempts to cut his own throat, when the family and neighbors returned and he was secured. He was brought here this morning and lodged in jail. The general opinion seems to be that Buckman is crazy, as no other cause can be assigned for the terrible deed he committed. The community is much excited about the murder. Buckman is a large man, and about thirty-eight years of age.

**Mysterious Murder.**

(Subject of Illustration.)

ASBURY PARK, N. J., November 4.—Two men in a light wagon drove up to the Halfway House, a hotel situated about eight miles southwest of this place, and inquired the way to Shark River station, on the New Jersey Southern railroad. They were told the route and drove on. In a little while the horse came running back, dragging the wagon, which was upset. Several men started in search of the strangers, fearing they were injured. About half a mile from the hotel they found one of them lying in the edge of the woods in an unconscious condition and with a dangerous stab wound in the right side of the neck, near the shoulder. It was subsequently ascertained that his name was Cook and that he belonged in Long Branch. There being no physician in the neighborhood he was conveyed to Long Branch, while still insensible. His companion has disappeared and foul play is suspected. It was noticed that a gun which had been seen in the possession of the missing man was also gone. Search was immediately instituted, but it is so far fruitless.

**A Lake Tragedy.**

(Subject of Illustration.)

WATERTOWN, N. Y., November 4.—A yawl-boat named Julia, was washed ashore yesterday on Stony Point, Lake Ontario, near Henderson N. Y. The body of a man was found in it, lashed to the seat. There were marks of violence on the head and body, and the hands were tied together. The body was that of a man about twenty-five years old, five feet eight inches in height, and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds; he had light brown hair and and blue eyes. He was dressed in a brown knit jacket, a brown cotton shirt, dark-colored trousers and waistcoat. In his pocket-book was found a small sum of Canadian money.



THE VACELLOT TRAGEDY, NEAR VINCENNES, IND.—SEE PAGE 10.

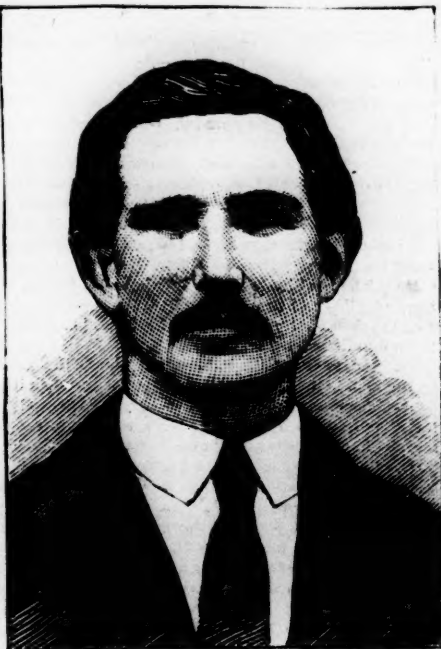
1—DESPERATE STRUGGLE BETWEEN JOHN D. VACELLOT AND THE ASSASSIN, IN THE DOORWAY OF HIS RESIDENCE. 2—THE WIFE MURDERED IN HER BED. 3—THE MANGLED BODIES OF THE SONS, AS FOUND IN THEIR BED. 4—CORPSE OF THE OLD MAN, AS DISCOVERED. 5—SCENE AT THE LOCALITY OF THE TRAGEDY. 6—SUICIDE OF THE MURDERER, PIERRE PROVOST, IN HIS CELL, IN THE VINCENNES JAIL.



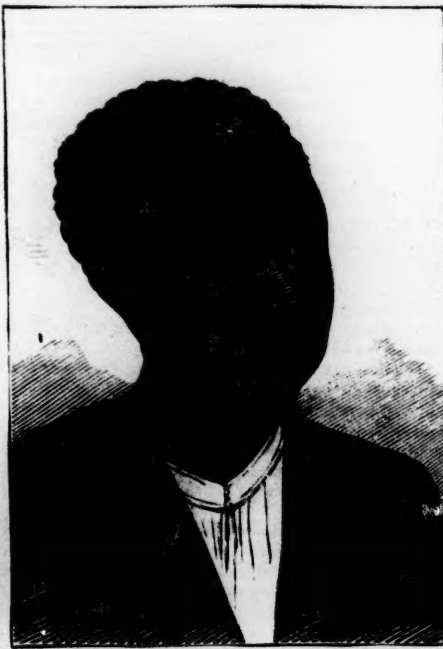
**A SICKENING TRAGEDY.****Probable Outrage and Frightful Murder of an Unprotected Woman.**

What may yet prove to have been a cowardly and brutal murder, but which has thus far been called an accident, threw the city of Paterson, N. J., into a fever of excitement on the 5th, and for the nonce distracted attention from the all-absorbing topic of the elections. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon smoke was seen issuing from the second floor of the building in rear of 229 Marshal street. The floor is occupied by William Rafferty, a workman employed in the Passaic Rolling Mills, who lives with his wife and daughter, the latter two years old.

At the time the smoke was discovered Mrs. Rafferty and her child were alone in the apartments, and their piercing shrieks attracted the attention of James Murray, who occupies the front building. Hurrying to their assistance he found the doors leading to the first floor locked, and returned for his keys. By this time a number of men had gathered in the yard, and when the door was unlocked rushed to the floor above. John Cahill, who first ventured to Mrs. Rafferty's room, was stifled with the smoke, being restored to consciousness with no little difficulty. When the atmosphere had slightly cleared another man entered the rooms and kicked out the win-



CALVIN CROOK, THE WOULD-BE MURDERER OF JOHN LEADEN, IN WYOTA, MINN.—SEE PAGE 2.



GEO. WASHINGTON, THE VIOLATOR OF LITTLE FRANCES OTTE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—SEE PAGE 2.

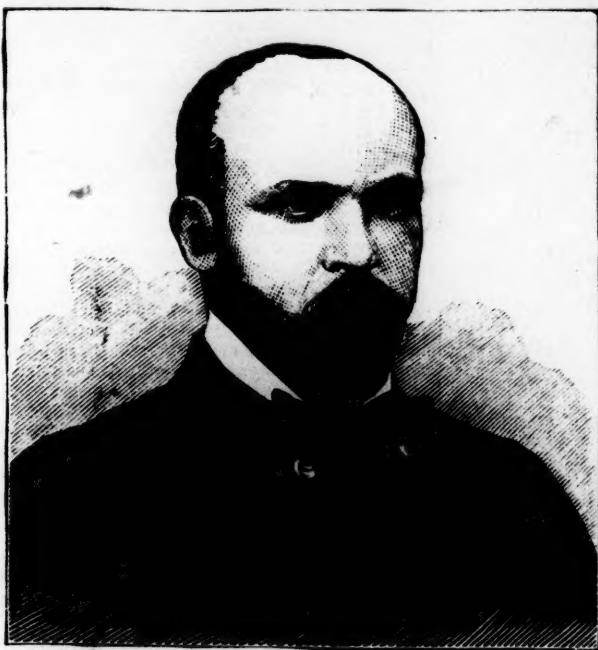
actively investigating the mystery, and strenuous efforts will be made to capture the fellow whose suspicious actions attracted the attention of those who saw him on his way from the scene.

The little girl who was left in the rooms with her mother when Mr. Rafferty went out in the morning, was found sleeping in the bed-room, the bedclothes covering her face so closely as to have prevented her being awakened by the noise of the struggle or the cloud of smoke that filled the apartments. The afflicted husband is wholly in the dark as to the motive of the crime—for that a terrible crime has been committed there is little ground for doubt.

Up to a late hour on the night of the occurrence no further clew had been obtained as to the identity or motive of the guilty party.

**After the Moonshiners.**

NASHVILLE, Tenn., November 7.—Special Deputy Collector James M. Davis, with a squad of men, left McMinnville two days ago for Jackson county, with the expectation of capturing Campbell Morgan, who has made himself so notorious in making armed resistance to revenue raiders. Jacob A. Wagner, who has been sent here by Commissioner Baum to investigate the manner of conducting these campaigns, went with them.



FRANK, ALIAS JAMES CUNNINGHAM, ALIAS JAMES CURTIN, THE NOTORIOUS DIAMOND THIEF, CHICAGO, ILL.—SEE PAGE 3.

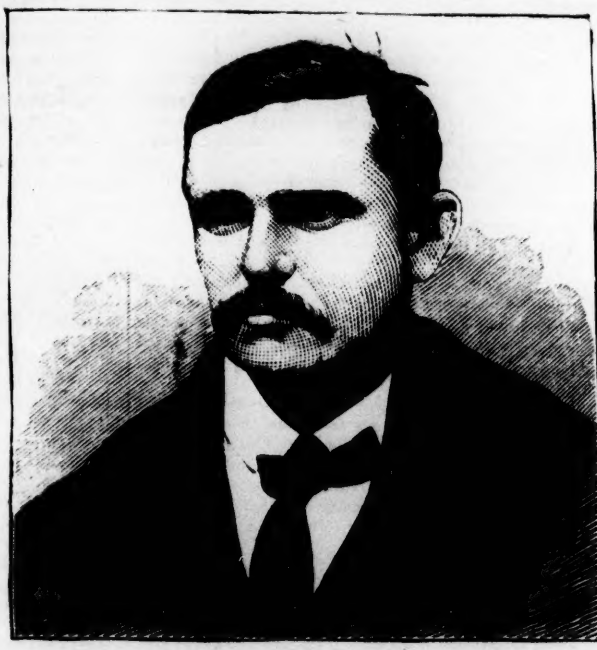
dow sashes, allowing the wind to blow away the remaining smoke.

When the air had become sufficiently clear a horrible sight met the gaze of the men who had gone to Mrs. Rafferty's relief. The poor woman lay on the floor in the agonies of death. Her clothing had been entirely destroyed, and her flesh, especially on the lower extremities, was burned to a crisp. In the middle of the room was a pool of blood, and everywhere were traces of a terrible struggle. The walls and ceiling of the room in which the dying woman was found and of the adjoining bedroom were bespattered with blood, and the window sills were smeared, as if an attempt had been made to escape in that way. Mrs. Rafferty was carried into the front building, the charred flesh actually dropping from her bones. Death came to her relief in a few moments. Her husband, who was summoned from a polling place in the neighborhood, was well nigh crazed by the catastrophe.

There seems to be little doubt that Mrs. Rafferty was the victim of a terrible outrage. The stove in the room where she was found was not sufficiently heated to have set fire to her clothing, and the bloody evidences of the death struggle in her apartments are proof that her taking off was not accidental. The theory that finds most favor with her neighbors and the townspeople generally is that she was mortally wounded by a desperado who sought to make her death doubly sure while at the same time concealing

**THE TRACES OF HIS BLOODY DEED.**

What lends color to the supposition is the fact that an ill-favored man, apparently a tramp, was seen to leave the house in which the tragedy occurred shortly before the arrival of relief. Instead of leaving by way of the front yard the unknown man made his escape across the vacant lots bordering on Main street. The police are



"JOHNNY" LAMB, BURGLAR AND ALLEGED MURDERER OF OFFICER RACE, CHICAGO, ILL.—SEE PAGE 2.



HORRIBLE DEED OF WILLIAM BUCKMAN, A FRENZIED DANISH MURDERER, NEAR PAXTON, ILL.—SEE PAGE 12.



DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN CHINESE RIOTERS AND THE AUTHORITIES, IN A CHINESE THEATRE IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—SEE PAGE 4.



# THE FINGER OF FATE;

OR,

## THE CURSE OF CRIME.

A Story of Love, Intrigue and Retribution.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ACCUSED OF THEFT.

"The house on the Hudson owned by Mr. Menander and in which he lived with his daughter and Mrs. Soames, stood in its own grounds and was not overlooked by any others."

Mr. Menander affected privacy and a strong dislike to society which entailed both parties and visiting upon its votaries.

Grace would have liked a little more life and amusement, but she did not tell her father so, as she rather feared him. He was affectionate, kind, generous, yet there was something in his manner which always repelled rather than attracted her.

To her he was more like a guardian than a father, for he was cold and unsympathetic and fond of being alone with his books, consequently the young lady was thrown very much in the company of Mrs. Soames.

Since we last saw her, Mrs. Soames, as housekeeper, had grown very stout and important, she had a good place and she knew it, so she ordered what she liked and made money out of her master and those storekeepers she condescended to patronize.

Grace had all the new dresses she desired, but it was rarely she had an opportunity of displaying her finery except at church on Sunday. Mr. Menander did not encourage the visits of neighbors, and she had few friends. When dinner was over, Mr. Menander retired to his study and read himself to sleep, waking at nine, when he required music and singing from Grace and a short chat, before going to rest for the night.

The interval between dinner and the awaking of Mr. Menander was spent by Grace with Mrs. Soames and she found that the most enjoyable part of the day.

On the evening of the day which had seen her acquainted with Mr. Frank Coverdale, she was absorbed and silent, as to arouse Mrs. Soames' attention.

"Has anything happened in the office to-day, my dear?" she asked.

"No. Why do you ask," replied Grace, looking up from her reverie.

"You look as if you had the weight of a bank on your mind. It's a shame for Mr. Menander to make you work as you do in that office, instead of having you at home playing croquet with other young ladies and enjoying yourself."

"Don't say that," exclaimed Grace quickly. "It was my own wish. Mr. Menander never asked me to do anything at all for him."

"It's not natural, and the sooner you get married and settle down the better for you. That's what I say."

A deep blush mantled Grace's face, at this open declaration of the old lady's opinion.

"I'm much too young, thank you," she replied. "There will be plenty of time to think of that when I am of age. Still I should like to have a house of my own and be my own mistress."

"That's what all the girls say. Heigho! It seems but yesterday that I was married to Soames. Who would have thought that he would fall down an elevator shaft in a dry goods store and end his days in a hospital. But that's neither here nor there. I'm simply talking about myself, when its you I'm thinking of. You don't talk to me any more, my dear, of Charles Lambert. I once thought the young clerk was to be the happy man?"

Grace cast down her eyes.

"I think a great deal of Charles," she answered. "Though of course he has never said anything to me about love. He puts flowers on my table every morning and I find scraps of poetry on my desk which I know he wrote, and all that besides I can tell from his manner and looks that he is fondly in love with me."

"Leave a woman alone, my dear, to finding out when a man is after her," said Mrs. Soames with a complacent smile. "Why I knew Soames was banking for me weeks before he ever had courage enough to say a word."

"Still," continued Grace. "There is a want of style about Charles, he is not a man of the world. His manner is not polished. He does not dress fashionably, and he's so shy, he stares you out of countenance and scarcely speaks a word."

Mrs. Soames smiled in a peculiar way.

"All of which you have found out in the last twenty-four hours, because I have never heard a word of it before and that means that you have seen somebody else, who is so much superior to Charles that the latter does not contrast well beside him, but always remember one thing and that is, a good heart is better than a handsome face and stylish clothes, which, perhaps, have not been paid for."

"Oh, but he's a perfect gentleman," exclaimed Grace, after which she uttered a tiny scream and added, "There! I have admitted it and I didn't mean to say anything about him. You mean thing, why did you make me say that?"

At this Mrs. Soames laughed louder than before.

"Tell me all about him, dear," she said. "You have gone too far to retreat and you know you were dying all the time to tell me your secret."

Thus urged, Grace told her all about Mr. Frank Coverdale's visit, and how nice, gentlemanly, handsome and rich he was.

"Perhaps you'd better marry rich than poor, though its no use taking any stock in strangers, who come un-introduced, as customers, and about whom you know nothing," exclaimed Mrs. Soames.

"One could not be mistaken in Mr. Coverdale," replied Grace. "But why do you advise me to marry for money. Is not my father rich, and am I not his heiress?"

"Did you ever hear of his making a will in your favor? Suppose he was to drop down dead," remarked Mrs. Soames incautiously.

"What then?" inquired Grace.

"Oh! nothing, my dear, nothing, I ought not to have let slip what I did," said the old woman, busying herself with her knitting.

Grace's curiosity was aroused and her suspicions were alarmed.

"You mean something," she cried. "I am sure there is a hidden meaning to your words. Can it be that there is some mystery about my birth, my father's coldness. Your strange hints, the secluded way in which I live, no friends, no companions of my own age. Oh! Mrs. Soames, if there is any secret about me, I implore you to tell me."

"Tut, tut, child, how foolish you are," answered Mrs. Soames. "It's only my stupid way. People merely make wills, that's all. Hark! there's the bell. Mr. Menander is awake and you'll be wanted."

Grace's pretty lips pouted.

"Tell him, if you please, that I am not well and that I have gone to bed," she said.

She arose and walked out of the room, into her own, where she indulged in a good cry. She knew not why and eventually went to rest, thinking of Frank Coverdale, who was not mistaken when he said that he thought he had made an impression upon her.

The next day she accompanied Mr. Menander as usual to the lumber yard, and to their surprise they did not find the office open.

A loud knocking at the door roused Charles, who had unfortunately overslept himself.

In a terrible state of alarm and annoyance, he jumped from the bed and without having time to wash his hands or face, he descended, his hair was rough and unbrushed, the stain of the wine was on his shirt, while his whole appearance gave unmistakable evidence of his debauch.

"What is the meaning of this," demanded Mr. Menander, as the door was opened. "It is past ten o'clock and you have not taken the shutters down."

"I was not feeling well, sir, and unfortunately went to sleep again," he replied, his face burning under what he considered the reproachful glare of Grace.

"It seems to me that you have not been to bed all night. Open the shutters and give me the key of the safe. I will send up and pay off the note I spoke of."

Charles reached in his pocket and gave him the key, as he did so, a glove fell on the ground.

"A new glove," remarked Mr. Menander. "Where is the fellow of it?"

"I must have lost it," answered Charles, feeling in vain for it.

"You were out last night and have evidently been guilty of some folly. Your eyes are heavy with drink. If you wish to retain your place here, you will not let this occur again."

Abashed, crushed, bowed down, feeling disgraced before Miss Menander, Charles went outside to open the window shades.

At this moment, Mr. Frank Coverdale entered the yard and nodded to Charles.

"Ah! my young friend, you are looking a little under the weather this morning," he remarked.

"Thanks to you. I wish I had never accepted your invitation," replied Charles, bitterly.

"Indeed! This is a nice return for my kindness. What harm have I done you?"

"Ruined me, perhaps. I cannot tell yet."

Loud cries were heard inside the office. It was Mr. Menander's voice which shouted: "A robbery! Theives! I have been plundered in the night! Call the police! The safe is empty!"

At these words Charles Lambert's knees knocked together, and he appeared so weak that he could scarcely stand. He was like one suddenly stricken with the palsy, and his face turned ashen pale.

So loud did Mr. Menander cry out that Silas Foster heard him and rushed to the scene. Coverdale entered at the same time. Grace was standing on the threshold of the inner room, her eyes dilated and her whole appearance denoting wonderment. Scarcely able to drag one leg after the other, Charles, head aching, disreputable-looking, frightened, heart-sick, brought up the rear.

"Lambert!" exclaimed Mr. Menander. "The safe has been robbed. Where is my money?"

"Why ask me?" replied Charles, faintly.

"Speak out! I cannot hear you."

"As heaven is my witness, sir, I know nothing about the money. It was there when I went out last night," replied Charles, gaining a little courage.

"Where did you go?"

"To dine with this gentleman, Mr. Coverdale, and I took too much wine. I was away from eight to one. That's all I know."

Mr. Menander looked at Coverdale.

"Did you ask my clerk to dine with you?" he said.

"No, indeed," answered Coverdale. "The fellow never dined with me. What do I want with the society of clerks? It is a gross invention."

"It is true," said Silas, boldly. "Mr. Lambert told me he was going to dine with this person."

"Oh," said Coverdale, sneeringly. "This is a conspiracy is it? Take care, my good fellow. I know you take care. Your antecedents are not immaculate, and I don't think your evidence would go for much in a court of law."

Silas Foster was astonished. He wondered how Coverdale could have gained any knowledge respecting him.

"I only know what he told me," he stammered.

"I asked him where he was going, and he said to visit you."

"An excuse, that is all."

"We went together to look at Hugo. He was dying of poison, and I thought something was going to happen."

"The dog dead! poisoned!" said Mr. Menander.

"This affair has been deeply planned."

Charles fell on his knees before his employer and cried imploringly: "Do not believe me guilty, sir. I will prove my innocence."

Mr. Menander held up a glove.

"Look at this," he replied, "unhappy boy. I found this in the safe, where you must have left it when you abstracted the money. Give up your plunder at once and I will think what is to be done with you."

"But I am innocent, sir. Oh, Miss Menander, speak for me. You cannot believe I could do such a dreadful thing. I never stole anything in my life."

Grace's heart softened towards him.

"Do not be hasty, papa," she exclaimed. "Lambert is not the sort of young man to steal; he is too steady, and I feel sure that it is all a mistake."

"Let him empty his pockets," suggested Coverdale.

"The first thing for him to do is to make restitution."

Charles rose from his knees and advanced to the table.

"See, I have nothing but the change out of a five dollar bill," he said. "That was all I kept out of my last month's salary. I run a bill for my meals at a restaurant. The remainder of my wages I sent as usual to my mother."

He began to empty his pockets, but presently he started as if a snake had bitten him.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Menander, "and that in the white paper?"

There was a hundred dollar bill on the table and a packet labeled poison. Charles had extracted both from his pockets.

"Miserable scoundrel!" exclaimed his employer. "Will you tell me any more lies—do you hear me?—lies! First I find your glove in the safe. Here is the fellow one on your desk. Then you have poison about you, for the dog, and a part of your plunder. Oh, it is very plain that you are a thief!"

Thoroughly overwhelmed, Charles staggered back against the desk, his limbs failed to support him and he fell to the ground, striking his head against the leg of a table.

He uttered a groan, and blood began to flow from the wound.

"Oh! he is killed! For heaven's sake, father, have some pity!" cried Grace.

She rushed forward to support his head, but Silas Foster had anticipated her.

Mr. Menander did not exhibit any sympathy for the young man. He thought himself the victim of an impudent robbery, the author of which he had fortunately detected. He wanted his money back, so he proceeded to search Charles while he lay unconscious on the floor.

He found nothing more, and he went up-stairs to his room, his examination of which was equally fruitless.

"It is most extraordinary," he exclaimed. "I cannot comprehend it, for I had the most implicit confidence in that ungrateful young man."

"The old story of cherishing a viper, my dear sir," remarked Coverdale, who wore the mask of the hypocrite admirably.

"Yes, indeed; but how has he disposed of his plunder?"

"He must have had accomplices."

"That is so."

A little stream of blood flowed from the wound in Charles Lambert's head and collected in a pool in a hollow of the floor.

Grace was horrified and alarmed.

"Oh, send for a doctor," she cried.

"Send for a policeman, rather," replied Mr. Menander, angrily. "He shall make the acquaintance with the interior of a prison for this."

Grace seized the merchant's hand.

"No, no," she said. "Guiltily to all appearances he is, and I myself cannot believe him innocent, but I do not wish him punished, papa. He is young. Give him an opportunity to repent and retrieve his character. Think what an awful thing it will be to send him to goal."

"But he will rob more men. I owe a duty to society."

"Papa," she urged, "let me have my way this time, will you not? Dismiss him from your service. Let him go away and hide his shame among strangers. You will do this for me, will you not?"

Mr. Menander hesitated.

He did not like to refuse her anything, and he was so rich that, after all, the loss of the money was not a serious matter to him.

Frank Coverdale, for obvious reasons of his own, did not wish to have the young man prosecuted. A judicial inquiry might bring out disagreeable facts concerning himself; detectives might find out that Charles really had dined with him on the night of the burglary, so he determined to cast in his voice on the side of mercy.

By doing so he would ingratiate himself with Grace, who would feel gratified for his advocacy at such a critical juncture.

"I think, sir," he said, while Charles' fate was trembling in the balance, "that if I were you, I would be guided by the suggestion of Miss Menander. A criminal prosecution in this case will be tedious and uncertain in its result. By all means give the unfortunate young man a chance. The reproach of his conscience will be punishment enough. Perhaps he has been led astray by evil companionship. He certainly does not look like a hardened criminal."

"Hypocrite," muttered Silas.

"Well," said Mr. Menander, "since you all seem to wish it I will be merciful."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks," cried Grace. "I shall never forget your kindness, dear papa."

Her face was radiant with smiles.

"H'm," thought Coverdale, "she has a sneaking regard for the young fellow after all. I can see it now, and I was quite right to get him out of the way. A young and good looking rival is always dangerous, but with this stain on his character I do not think I need fear him any more."

"Mr. Coverdale," continued the merchant, "he shall go free. I respect your advocacy of his cause all the more, since, in his desperation, he told an infamous falsehood about dining with you."

"Oh! a drowning man will catch at a straw," replied Coverdale, laughing.

"John," exclaimed Mr. Menander, "you will carry Lambert into your lodge; see to his hurt, which is not apparently dangerous, and when he is recovered, send him away. Tell him I have spared him the disgrace of a public trial, but I never wish to see him again. He must go at once. If he dares to set his foot in this yard again, I will lock him up as sure as fate."

"Will you allow me, sir, to say a few words?" asked Silas.

"No! Begone!"

"I—"

He was about to speak in spite of the decided prohibition, but he saw Coverdale's eyes fixed threateningly upon him and he held his place.

That this man knew all about his previous history, he did not doubt, from what he had said a short time before, and he was very reluctant to have his history published before Grace.

"Come. I will lend you a hand," exclaimed Coverdale.

Together they took up and carried the insensible body of Charles to the porter's lodge and laid it on the little truck bed which Silas occupied himself.

Taking a towel, Silas dipped it in cold water and bound it firmly over the cut, thus effectually stopping any further effusion of blood.

"That will do, I guess," he remarked.

"My man," said Coverdale, angrily. "I thought I warned you not to interfere with me?"

"What if you did?" replied Silas.

"Simply this. I know you to be a murderer, but shortly released from prison. You have changed your name and you are trying to start again in the world. Consequently, it is fair to presume that you do not want every one to be acquainted with your former history. People, as a rule, have a sort of prejudice against those who shed the blood of their fellow creatures."

Silas sat down on a chair.

"It is true," he said, calmly. "But it seems to me that you know more about this robbery than that poor boy there."

"You have no right to form any opinion about the matter. It is not your business. Your place is to open and shut that gate outside. Stick to that and let me alone. If you do not, I promise you most sincerely that I will make things very uncomfortable for you."

"Have you anything more to say?" asked Silas.

"Not at present."

"Then go. Your presence here is an insult to Charles"

Lambert, whom you have destroyed. Go; but remember that there is a Providence that dispenses even-handed justice, and though this is your hour of triumph, you may yet have a fall."

"Pshaw! Keep your cheap, second-handed piety for yourself, or your friend, the thief there, on the bed," retorted Coverdale.

Silas rose, and the pallor of his face deepened.

"Don't say that," he cried, clinching his fists. "Take that back. I won't have it."

"You won't—have it," repeated Coverdale slowly, as he eyed the porter with contempt. "Who are you to dictate to me?"

"I am an old man, but hard work and hard living have made my muscles like iron. Be off or I may be tempted to hasten your movements."

"I shall report your insolence to Mr. Menander and tell him it is not at all unlikely that the missing money may be found in your possession. You take altogether too much interest in the thief," said Coverdale, sneeringly.

This was more than Silas Foster could bear.

He pushed the door open and seized Coverdale in an iron grip, cast him out into the yard on all fours, when he kicked him ignominiously.

"Take that, you cowardly villain," he said. "I'll bet it is not the first time you have been kicked, and I'm very much mistaken if it will be the last."

Then he closed his door and bolted it.

Coverdale rose, none the worse for his tumble. He glanced uneasily at the office to see if his hasty exit from the lodge had been observed, and was relieved to find it had not. His face was distorted with passion. He removed his kid gloves, which had been torn in his fall, and shaking his fist at the lodge, muttered some dire threats, after which he walked to the office to console Mr. Menander for his loss and to offer his escort to take the young lady home, as he did not expect she would care to stay at the lumber yard after the unpleasant events of the morning.

He was right in his conjecture.

Miss Menander complained of feeling unwell, and when Frank Coverdale begged permission to drive her home in his carriage, she eagerly looked at her father for his consent.

This was readily given. Mr. Menander said he would get through the routine business of the office, engage another clerk and join them at an early dinner, to which he invited Coverdale.

Smiling with triumph, Frank led the lovely girl to his carriage, assisted her to a seat, and, being an accomplished driver, soon had the satisfaction of showing off his team, when they got to the Park. Grace being delighted with the journey and beginning to think that Mr. Coverdale was quite an acquisition to her acquaintance.

Meanwhile Charles Lambert came slowly to his senses and looked in a dazed, forlorn, hopeless way at Silas, who was sitting on the bed by his side, bathing his head with cold water.

"John, my dear friend," he said, in heart-broken accents and a voice that was tremulous with emotion, "Is it all true or only a hideous dream?"

"It is true," replied Silas. "True that you were charged with robbing the safe."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Charles, impatiently. "I remember all that. They said I was a thief—the disgraceful word seemed to choke him—then my head swam; all became dark and I fell. My head aches me. What is it?"

"You hurt it when you fell."

"What happened after that. Did—did she believe me guilty?"

"Yes. The conspiracy was so admirably concocted that I regret to say she did. But Miss Grace Menander pleaded for you. Her father is not going to prosecute you."

"But," said Charles, indignantly, as he sat up on the bed and looked ghastly pale with the towel bound round his head, "I want to be arraigned at the bar of justice. I want to tell the world I am innocent. They must give me a chance to prove it."

Silas Foster smiled faintly.

"My dear boy," he answered, "What does the world care for such a you. Are you anything but a poor clerk. Are not cases of embezzlement and robbery of every day occurrence. Does not the law always protect property. Are not the laws made by the rich for the rich. This is not socialism on my part, but a melancholy fact. I am not railing at the constitution of society, for at my age and with my experience, I am content to take things as I find them."

"Must I sit still and do nothing, when I know that I am as innocent of this odious charge as you are yourself?"

"You must wait. I am your friend and I tell you that at present you can do nothing, except leave this place as soon as you are strong enough."

"I am dismissed with ignominy then?"

"You are."

The young man covered his face with his hands and wept bitterly.

"Oh! my poor, dear mother," he groaned. "This will kill her."

"She must not know it," said Silas. "That is the advantage of not being arrested. There is no publicity. The affair is confined to the knowledge of a few, do you not see?"

"You are an angel in disguise, sent to comfort me," cried Charles, drying his tears. "Were it not for you, I should plunge into the river and hide my shame beneath its cold waters."

"You will do nothing of the sort. I will send you home to your mother. You must make some excuse for coming to stay with her."

"She is poor. She cannot afford it. They have paid me no salary. I have no money."

"That is a difficulty easily got over," said Silas, raising up the mattress and taking therefrom an old glove in which were stuffed a number of bills. "Take this; you are welcome to it."

"Oh! but I am robbing you! Were it not for that poor mother—but I will take it. You shall be repaid some day. I will not always be a beggar under a cloud."

"You are young," replied Silas, "and to the young all things are possible."

"Ah! If you only knew how good she is, that mother of mine, and how she loves me," sighed Charles. "I believe it. I had one like her. Now I am alone in the world. It is hard."

Silas turned away his face as he spoke to hide a tear which would moisten his eye in spite of his habitual fortitude.



## VICE'S VARIETIES.

## An Assorted List of Evil Deeds and Evil Doers Collected by Gazette Correspondents in all Quarters.

DARTER MCCLELLAN, a prominent colored politician, was shot and killed by another colored man near Pine Bluff, Ark., on the 1st.

MOSES F. FULLER, a colored citizen of Bowie county, Texas, was waylaid on the 3d and murdered by Sam Alexander, also colored.

ON the 3rd, Jason Metcalf, a prominent citizen of Cynthiana, Ky., was shot and killed by H. C. Magee, a well-known politician, during a heated discussion on political matters.

AT Richmond, Ind., on the 31st ult., Bud Tindall, for the murder of Andrew Russell, Jr., last July, was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

CAPTAIN L. Q. C. ELLIOTT, a prominent citizen of Ouachita county, Ark., was shot and instantly killed by John Quillen on the 2nd. Cause, criminal intimacy between Elliott and a sister of Quillen.

W. W. BROWN, a wood-chopper, near Auburn, Placer county, Cal., has been arrested for making and uttering counterfeit standard dollars and halves. Dies, material, etc., were found in his cabin.

AT Helena, Montana, on the 31st ult., Grant Robert was hanged here to-day for the cold blooded murder of Howard I. Morse. The trip was sprung by Deputy McFarland at precisely half past nine o'clock.

AT Petersburg, Va., on the 5th, the case of Wood Williams, white, charged with shooting David Stith, colored, was set down for the next court, and the prisoner remanded to jail, his counsel not asking for bail.

AT Coshocton, Ohio, on the 5th, Hester Snyder vs. Jacob Wolf, for breach of promise, recovered \$1,410 damages. Wolf gained her affections in 1876, promised to marry her, and took advantage of her position and seduced her.

THE trial of Dr. Sample, at Dayton, Ohio, on the charge of blackmail, preferred by J. C. Cox, occurred on the 5th, before His Honor Mayor Butz. The testimony in the case was heard, and the arguments until the 13th inst.

AT Lafayette, Ind., on the night of the 4th, four prisoners escaped from the county jail in that city. Three were captured and reinstated, but the fourth, a colored man, under sentence to the penitentiary for burglary, is still at large.

AT Lebanon, Ky., on the night of the 4th, Robert H. Wilkinson, white, was badly cut by a negro named Ewing Penick. The latter struck Wilkinson's little boy and an encounter ensued, with the above result. Wilkinson's wound is not thought dangerous.

AT Canton, Ohio, on the 4th, George Fessler, the defaulting treasurer, pleaded guilty to the embezzlement of \$34,000 county funds and taking the same to Canada. The other portion of the indictment will probably be dismissed, and he will be sentenced in a few days.

A GANG of burglars entered the flouring mill of P. J. Wilhite, in Kansas City, Mo., at an early hour on the 1st, and after gagging the night watchman blew open the safe. It is thought that the safe contained \$6,000, but Mr. Wilhite had placed it in bank the Thursday previous.

MAJOR W. A. Reese, member of the Virginia Legislature, is on trial at Greenville court-house for the killing of Adolphus Trotter, a negro, at a Republican meeting. There is intense excitement among the negroes and they threaten, if Reese is acquitted, to kill him before he leaves the court-house.

THREE weeks ago Jennie Coyle and an infant child, living with her brothers on a farm near Fort Dodge, Iowa, disappeared, and no trace of them was found till the 3d, when the bodies of both were found in a well. It is supposed that Mrs. Coyle committed suicide, as she lived unhappily with relatives.

AT San Antonio, Texas, on the 7th, during the election excitement, Meadows, Ryan, Cox and Satterlee, the murderers of Dr. Brazell in De Witt county, made a bold attempt to escape from the county jail, which was frustrated. Three of the prisoners have been convicted of murder in the first degree.

AT Piqua, O., on the 4th, the city council at its meeting, ordered that hereafter all tramps found in the city limits during the day be locked up over night, fed on bread and water, and compelled to leave town the next morning. It is believed this will mitigate an evil that is getting to be an unbearable nuisance.

AT Buchanan, Mich., on the 4th, Dr. G. H. McLin attempted to kill his brother-in-law, Hull, by running at him with a butcher knife. Had it not been for the timely interference of Mr. C. S. Black fatal results would have followed. He confessed before Judge Lester that he intended to kill him. Domestic trouble was the cause.

THE body of John Lung, a Chinese laundryman, was found in his place of business at Quincy, Ill., at midnight on the 3rd, literally cut to pieces with a knife or cleaver. His Chinese employe was arrested, and after declaring that two colored men had committed the deed finally confessed: "John had liquor and me killed him."

THE negro William Hollan, brought from Dayton to Gallon O., charged with stealing Paste's watch and revolver, was bound over to court in the sum of \$500 on the 4th and is now keeping company with his colored friend, the rapist, in the county jail at Bucyrus. Hollan is a desperate character, and served a two-year term in the Ohio Penitentiary.

AT Canton, Ohio, on the 4th, in the case of Ohio vs. Amos Murphy, indicted for assault with intent to kill by placing powder in a chimney and causing an explosion, the jury, after a long out from Saturday noon, 2nd inst., until the 4th, failed to agree. What was remarkable was that they stood out for acquittal against eleven for conviction from the beginning.

AT Paris, Ky., on the 4th, Thomas Hutchcraft received the contents of a double barreled shot-gun, loaded with buckshot, in his side, between shoulder and hip. He was going home about daylight, when some unknown person shot him from behind the corner of a house. A young man named Menfee has been arrested. Hutchcraft claims that he recognized Menfee.

RICHARD COWARD, the alleged assassin of Adolph Schochtrupp, was captured in the house of William Ford, three miles south of Houston, Texas, on the 4th. He was caught hiding between two mattresses, under which Mrs. Ford allowed the murderer to ensconce himself, and was armed with a six-shooter and repeating rifle. A crowd assembled at the jail to lynch the murderer but better counsel prevailed.

THE perpetrators of the Yuma, Texas, stage robbery near Fort Worth turn out to be Goodman Franklin and Frank Doggett, of Johnson county, in that state, two worthless scoundrels. In the last robbery Doggett

was shot by a wagoner named Ross. He escaped into the woods, but the body has since been found and identified. By its side were two empty registered letters and packages. Franklin got away.

LAST spring J. J. Shearer, of Greenville, Mich., assaulted, battered and nearly killed Congressman C. C. Ellsworth, alleging as an excuse that Ellsworth had interfered criminally with his domestic relations. He was tried, convicted, and on the 1st sentenced to pay a fine of \$20 and to be imprisoned in the Detroit House of Correction for six months. Shearer was completely overcome with the severity of his prospective punishment.

IN Nashville, Tenn., on the 7th, in response to a requisition from the Governor of Kentucky, Governor James D. Porter, of Tennessee, issued a warrant to Thomas C. Gatliff, agent for Kentucky in Whiteley county, of that state, authorizing the arrest of J. C. Rogers, John Rogers, James Caywood and William Caywood, the alleged murderers of Edward Jackson, who are now said to be running at large in Tennessee.

AT Marshalltown, Iowa, on the 2nd, William Newcom got into a dispute with Conrad Reeling, a saloon keeper, concerning the payment for drinks. Newcom was ordered out and went out. Reeling following him. When at the door he turned around on Reeling and dealt him two murderous blows upon the head with a father's hatchet and then escaped and has not yet been captured. The injured man is still alive, though in a critical condition.

AT West Keechi, nine miles south of Jackson, West Texas, on the 5th, Robert Rogers, a young man, suicided by shooting himself through the head with a Henry rifle. The deceased was the son of a practicing physician at Fairfield, Wayne county, Ill., and had been but a short time a resident of Texas. He was proud and despondent, and left a note to his father, saying he could not expect to be anybody any more, and as he could not find happiness he determined to leave the world.

THE trial of John Achey for the murder of George Leggett at Chaplin & Gore's saloon in Indianapolis, Ind., on July 17th, last, was begun in the criminal court in that city on the 4th. The defense will be that Leggett gave Achey justifying cause for the murder; that all the money he had in the world was invested in a poker game and stolen from him by Leggett, who afterward denied assistance and insulted him; that his brain and will were weakened by dissipation through a long series of years by opium-eating.

ON the 4th, the Governor of Illinois pardoned Isaac Dixon, who was, at the May, 1877, term of the Rock Island Circuit Court, convicted of assault with intent to murder and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. The pardon is granted on the recommendation of Judge Pies an ex, who tried the case, and who represents that since the trial evidence has been discovered which shows that the offense is not as great as appeared at the trial. He also states that the convict has been already sufficiently punished.

IN Milwaukee, Wis., on the 4th, Detectives Smith and O'Connor arrested Theodore, alias William, Pool, and John Agnew—"Snapper Johnnie"—both of Chicago, on charge of vagrancy. Burglars' kits were found on both thieves. They had planned a job to work a south side jewelry store. They had paid \$6 on a \$200 gold watch that they informed the jeweler they would call and take in the evening. It is supposed they plan was to go to the store in the evening, get the watch in their hands and stop out before an alarm could be raised.

AT Urbana, Ohio, some time ago, Rev. G. G. Harriman, late pastor of the Baptist church, had a lot of household goods stolen from a ware-room in which he had them temporarily stored. Suspicion fell upon a girl named Mag Maloney and a young man by the name of John Ward. On the 5th they were arrested together on the street, and locked up on a charge of drunk and disorderly. Afterward the police searched the house where the girl lives, and found about \$100 worth of the stolen property, consisting of bedding, books, pictures, &c. On the 6th Ward and the girl were, in default of \$500 bail each, locked up to answer to charges of burglary and grand larceny.

A CORRESPONDENT in Pollard, Ala., writes under date of November 21st as follows: Henry Golden, colored, was hanged to-day for the commission of a rape on a white girl eighteen years old. He was brought out about twelve o'clock, and made a brief address to the spectators, who numbered about five hundred, black and white. He made no allusion to the crime for which he suffered, saying that he was prepared to die. Colored ministers attended him to the scaffold and gave out a hymn, which was sung by the colored spectators, after which a short prayer was offered and the black cap was pulled over the face of the culprit. The cord was cut at one o'clock. The neck was not broken.

A CINCINNATI correspondent writes under date of the 6th: A shooting affray that has been kept remarkably quiet took place on Vine street on Sunday morning. The participants were Tim Gleason and Billy Westjohn, both well known young men. It seems the men got to quarreling in the vicinity of King's saloon, and finally Gleason started away. A wordy war was continued at long range for a little time, when an insulting epithet used by Westjohn angered Gleason to such an extent that he thought it necessary to answer it with his pistol. He fired at Westjohn twice, but the shot failed of its aim. Westjohn taking refuge after the first one in King's. No arrests followed this Sunday morning's diversion.

A HORRIBLE outrage, the details of which are sickening in the extreme, was perpetrated on the 3rd, near Wheeling, W. Va., upon a child of eleven years by a fiend in human form named John Mazingo who is about thirty years of age. Mazingo was engaged in quarrying stone along the river, and made his home in a small boat which lay at the water's edge. On the 4th he enticed the girl to his boat, and there outraged her. The child told her parents of Mazingo's crime, and upon her story becoming known the neighbors rose up in arms and started in search of the villain, threatening to lynch him if found. Mazingo fled and has not been seen since. His victim is very ill from the effects of the rough treatment she received.

AT Glasgow, Mo., while George D. Eastin, an editor, was in his office on the night of the 31st ult., about eleven o'clock a shot was fired through his window, whether accidentally or in a spirit of assassination is not known. From the direction of the bullet the shot was fired from the roof of some of the buildings directly south of the office, the window of the office being on a level with the roofs of these houses. It could not possibly have been fired from the street, consequently the idea of its being an accident does not seem possible. The editor, as luck would have it, was about four feet out of range of the bullet, and therefore there will be no necessity for the undertaker. There is no clue or suspicion as to the perpetrators.

AT Petersburg, Va., on the 5th, the jury in the case of William A. Reese, charged with killing the negro, Trotter, at Hickford, Greenville county, brought

in a verdict of not guilty, about midnight last night, after a very brief withdrawal. A strong case of self-defense was made out by the prisoner's counsel, strengthened by the bad character of Trotter, as a desperate negro, and by Reese's acknowledged peaceable disposition. The defense showed that Trotter struck Reese several blows with a heavy stick before the latter, who is a small man, fired at Trotter, who was almost an athlete. The precautions taken to maintain order prevailed. A small crowd of negroes was present when the verdict was rendered owing to the lateness of the hour. The nature of the evidence foreshadowed the result and reconciled the more reasonable negroes to it.

AT Richmond, Ind., about two weeks ago, Wm. Sharp, a farm laborer, ran away with his employer's wife. The husband followed the guilty pair to Indianapolis, but could not find them, and returned. On the 31st ult., the runaway couple also returned. Sharp hired a rig and took Mrs. Irvin to her husband's house. She entered alone. While sitting in the buggy, Irvin snapped a rifle at Sharp. The cap failed to explode. Sharp ran the horse to Richmond and asked for the protection of the officers. Irvin followed Sharp and quietly watched the mayor's office, where Sharp was shaking in his boots for fear of personal violence when he emerged on the street. John Irvin denies attempting to shoot Sharp or an intention to do so, if Sharp keeps away from him; but he has filed a petition for divorce from his wife. Sharp was arrested for carrying concealed weapons, and fined \$10.

A SHORT time since Lillie Crabtree, sixteen years of age, of Lowell, and Alice Logue, of Boston, Mass., two giddy girls who had been dazzled by allurements held forth to them by two notorious women, named Brook and White, ran away from Boston and came to this city to meet the women, for the purpose of accompanying them to Savannah, Ga. The girls and the women were arrested here as has been already detailed, with an illustration of the affair, in the GAZETTE, by Superintendent Walling. A friend of the girls in Philadelphia caused them to be released and sent them where he procured situations for them, but they stopped work on the 2nd and wandered around. Upon learning this Detective Weylon on the 6th arrested Lillie and Alice on Fourth street. They had a small value of clothing but no money. They were willing to return to Boston and will be sent back.

A STARTLING robbery and bloody tragedy occurred on the night of the 4th in Higgs' neighborhood, three miles north of Bryan, the oldest settled portion of Texas. About midnight a gang of five masked men, mounted and well armed, went to the house of Thomas Higgs, broke in and tied him to the bed post, hand and foot. The villain then robbed the house of \$450. They then took Higgs and made him walk in front to the house of his brother, Sam Higgs, a quarter of a mile distant. They forced him to knock at the door, and ordered him to make no reply. His brother Sam, not receiving any answer, seized a six-shooter and fired, mortally wounding Tom Higgs. The robbers then opened fire, completely riddling the house with bullets. The occupants, however, miraculously escaped. The robbers mounted and rode away southward. They were supposed to be headed by one Goodnight. All the party were beardless, but were masked.

DECATUR, Ill., was thrown into a fever of excitement on the 4th by the occurrence of a terrible tragedy. Messrs. William and Benjamin Sawyer, who are brothers, have for the last dozen years been partners in an oil mill in this city. On the morning of the 4th, while together in their office, William fired three shots from a large navy revolver at his brother, the last shot taking effect on the top of Benjamin's head, fracturing the skull so as to render trepanning necessary. The wounded man slipped through the office door into the large room, where he fell, bleeding profusely from his wound. After shooting his brother, William rushed down stairs to the basement and out into the back yard of the mill, where he shot himself through the head and fell senseless to the ground. He was carried to his home, where he died in about an hour. The wound of a man lies in a critical condition, and his recovery is doubtful. Both men are past fifty years of age, and quite wealthy. An old business difficulty is said to be the cause of the shooting.

ON Friday evening, 25th ult., a Chinaman employed at Dode Spencer's, a mile below Dayton, Butte county, Cal., robbed a trunk belonging to one Thorne, who was stopping at Spencer's, securing \$500 in money, a watch and a pistol, and then made off toward Dayton. On the way he met Thorne, and pulling the stolen pistol, he essayed the role of a road agent. Thorne not surrendering at his command, the Chinaman emptied the six barrels of the pistol at him, but not hitting him, he fled in the darkness. On reaching home Thorne at once discovered his loss and started in pursuit with friends. The Chinaman was headed off before reaching town, and started to run across the fields, escaping in the darkness. He was again found early in the morning and captured, and the money recovered intact, but the watch and pistol were missing. After the money had been taken from him the thief made a bold attempt to escape, and was making off at a rapid pace, when the men who had captured him fired several shots, and the Chinaman fell over dead. An inquest was held on the body by Judge March at Dayton.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Middletown, Ky., under date of the 5th, says: Frank Weaver, supposed to be one of the gang who shot and killed Policeman Kummer in Cincinnati a few months since, figured in a shooting scrape on Sunday night, 3rd inst., after which he made his escape, and has not yet been found. The particulars of the affair are as follows: George Mulnix and "Shanty" Weaver, a brother of Frank, were engaged in a quarrel and about to come to blows when Policeman Moyer came up and ordered them to be quiet. Weaver became impudent and saucy to the officer, when Moyer came forward to take hold of him. He immediately called for Frank, who stood near by, and who instantly came up, and without saying a word drew a revolver and fired three shots in quick succession at Moyer. Every shot whistled by in close proximity to his head, but fortunately neither one took effect on the intended victim of the would-be murderer. One ball, which grazed the officer's ear, went through a show window in Rathman's furniture store, making a hole an inch in diameter and burying itself in the wall inside. The young Weaver has a severely cut lip, and claims that Moyer struck him with a club, an accusation which Moyer denies, and says that one of the shots from his brother's pistol produced the wound. Moyer's escape is deemed very narrow.

ON October 31 Robert A. Davis was arrested in Kankakee, Ill., for the murder of Samuel Rogers at Sharpsburg, Pa., nine years ago. The murder was committed during the progress of a game of base-ball. It seems that Davis and Rogers had some trouble and while Rogers was in the act of fixing something about his shoes Davis struck him on the back part of the head with a ball club, from the effects of which Rogers died in about four days. Davis made his escape, and had never been heard

of until recently. The circumstances which led to his arrest are as follows: Davis had become too intimate with the wife of his cousin, living in Kankakee, which resulted in a family quarrel, in which Davis and the cousin and wife all took part. Davis being, as they supposed, a desperate character, they concluded the best way to rid themselves of him was to "give him away," which the husband did, to W. A. Fisher, police magistrate, who at once wrote the police authorities at Sharpsburg to know if they wanted Davis for the murder of Rogers, to which he received a telegram from Peter Dressler, county detective of Alleghany county, to arrest Davis and report. Davis was arrested, as above stated, and held by Deputy Sheriff Rook until the 4th, when Mr. Dressler arrived with a requisition, etc., and left with the prisoner for Pittsburg, where he will be tried next December. Davis is about twenty-five years of age.

## ADVERTISING.

A few advertisements will be inserted on this page at 50c. per line, net, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrolytes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**HARRY HILL'S GENTLEMEN'S SPORTING THEATRE.** Billiard Parlors and Shooting Gallery with Ball Room and Restaurant attached. Nos. 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 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HUMAN REMAINS—SHOCKING DEGRADATION OF THE GRAVE OF A. T. STEWART, THE MERCHANT PRISONER—HIS REMAINS FOUND IN HIS FAMILY VAULT IN ST. MARK'S CHURCH YARD, NEW YORK CITY, BROKEN INTO, HIS COFFIN  
DEMOLISHED AND HIS REMAINS SCATTERED BY HAWKING GROUND. (See Page 2.)

